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JOHN Mc LEODS FARM AT SETTLEMENT

THE MARY IRA.

BEING

THE NARRATIVE JOURNAL OF A YACHTING
EXPEDITION FROM AUCKLAND TO THE
SOUTH SEA ISLANDS,

AND

A PEDESTRIAN TOUR IN A NEW DISTRICT
OF NEW ZEALAND BUSH.

Illustrated with Sketches taken on the spot.

BY

J. K. M.



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PREFACE.

THE following pages place before you a true account of a little voyage in the South Pacific, with the exception of a few unimportant alterations in respect to place and time.

A narrative form has been adopted, in preference to that of a concise journal, and the monotonous recurrence of the first pronoun has been avoided.

The reader will find something about New Zealand and the South Sea Islands; something about emigrants, and the ways of colonial life; something about colonial politics; something about missionary work; and something which it is hoped may, at the same time, afford a little amusement.

THE MARY IRA.

CHAPTER I.

THE SHIP AND HER CREW.

IN these days of rapid travel, a journey which used to be looked upon as a great event is passed lightly over as a very ordinary occurrence. Indeed, the ease and comfort which now surround the traveller are such as to deprive him of that which formerly gave so much zest to his undertakings. But though the hardships to be endured, and the difficulties to be overcome by ingenious make-shifts, have been considerably reduced, yet

the life of a traveller on board ship, passing down the length of the Atlantic, rounding the African Cape, tossed about and driven by the brave west winds of the south, till, narrowing his latitudes, he reaches the weird-looking shores of the Antipodes, is not one which would exactly suit the fair inhabitants of a London drawing-room, or the portly gentleman of affluence at home.

Without undergoing any such inconveniences, our readers are at liberty to sit quietly by their snug fire-sides, and look through our spectacles at the largest town in New Zealand.

The city of Auckland has been so frequently described by others, that we shall only venture upon a few remarks. Its site is hilly, and it is built irregularly on very broken ground; but the absence of fine timber is felt to interfere greatly with our English ideas of the picturesque. The eastern suburb has the most pretension to beauty, for here may be seen some pretty bays, while several clumps of trees conceal, with their ever-green foliage, numerous little villas—the very

pictures of comfort and repose. The principal street—Queen's Street—terminates in a long wooden pier, which runs, for half-a-mile or more, into the harbour.

On the 10th of April, 1866, a bustling crowd had assembled on this pier, or wharf. Several boats, from one of the many stately merchant ships riding at anchor in the harbour, were discharging passengers. Alas! poor people! victims of misplaced confidence! they go forth, in their best clothes, and brightest faces, to the land of promise, which has formed the subject of their golden dreams throughout a long voyage. They go forth to explore the town, and to glean every information about their new homes. Their bright faces will soon bear the expression of blank disappointment, and they will curse the fate that brought them to the shores of New Zealand. We noticed an ominous group of regular hard and dry-cut colonials on the pier, with evidently no other intention in life than that of singling out the "new chums," and marking them down as

fair game, to be bagged at a convenient season. As box after box was swung up from the lighter boats below, a careful note was made of each, and of its owner. Two boxes attracted especial attention. There was a constant buzz going on around them. The colonials seemed struck with a strong feeling of curiosity; perplexity was on their countenances as they peered first upon the boxes, and then into the passengers' faces, looking for some tokens of ownership. Clearly, the name on the boxes was not the cause of all this excitement, for on them was painted, in large plain letters, merely "Mr. A. Spence, passenger to Auckland." No; it was because the one box happened to be one of those useless *multum in parvo* tool chest affairs, made for gentlemen to amuse themselves with amateur carpentering; while the other was a highly got up patent leather trunk. Both were precisely of that description which a colonial would immediately set down as the belongings of an unmistakable green-horn from the old country. But Mr. Spence, a meek and intelligent youth,

having done nothing to prove his identity, stuck his hands into his pockets, and sauntered down the pier, and up Queen's Street. The magniloquent and grandiose names with which the smallest shops were embellished often awoke a curl of contempt on his unfledged lips. The "New Zealand House of General Refreshment" was a low eating house, just the place for stale buns, bad cheese, and oysters. The "City of London Haberdashery Establishment" displayed an incongruous assortment of goods, from a needle to an anchor, all spoiled by a wet sea voyage, and "selling off," as the placards announced, cheaper than at any other shop in the world. The amusement which this bombast naturally excited in him was rudely checked by an old, seedy-looking seaman, who bawled out to his comrade, in a stentorian voice—

"By G—d, Bill, here's a new chum! Dash me, if he ain't a giggling at us!"

Mr. Spence, who was a "new chum," walked on without paying any attention to this remark.

He suppressed, indeed, all symptoms of mirth; but, alas! his face became suffused with a very uncolonial glow. Had he been an old colonist he would have replied with some withering sarcasm, duly interpolated with a few of those coarse expressions with which seamen delight to warm up the cockles of each other's hearts. To his prejudice, the blushing youth did not follow this expedient line of conduct; consequently, the sailor, and his mate Bill, immediately put their helms hard down, and steered away in the wake of the new chum. Mr. Spence was not left long in ignorance of this circumstance. As he passed the "Original Universal Shoe Mart," which assured the gullible public of many remarkable facts, he felt a strong inclination to examine these announcements more fully. On turning round, what was his horror at perceiving the eyes of the two sardonic seamen glaring at him, a few paces behind! Being a young man of great natural resources, he immediately took in the whole position, and determined, too late, upon assuming the airs

of a cool fish, thoroughly up to colonial snuff. He quietly crossed the street, with a jaunty swing, whistling an unknown air, and entered a small wooden house, where there was a sort of a bar, behind which stood a corpulent and gaudily-dressed old woman.

"A glass of beer, if you please, my good woman."

"'Arf-a-pint of hale is it yer mean?"

The young man placed a sixpence on the bar, and received in return a glass of thick, saltish mess, called colonial ale.

"Yer don't want change, do yer, now?" said the old woman.

"Ob ! dear, no ; not at all. I like that. Ha ! I'll take one of these threepenny cigars to make it square."

"Oh ! Lord ! bless us ; how sharp yer is," replied the old hag ; "but, eh ! what ! be them two outsiders yer friends ? Have'm in, young man, and shout (treat) for'm. That's the custom of the

place. I may as well tell yer, for I sees yer a stranger to these parts."

Before the astonished Mr. Spence could get out a word in reply the two sailors walked in, and the old woman handed to each of them a glass of the mixture. The elder, a man about sixty, whose name was Harry, having—apparently, by means of some powerful hydraulic apparatus, which he seemed to keep for that purpose, somewhere handy in the region of his stomach—pumped up into his eyes and nose tears glistening with benevolence, smacked his lips, and began a long address to the following effect:—

"No, missus, ve ain't that gentleman's friends 'zactly, an' yet ve're friendly dispoged towards 'im, werry; vich that gentleman nose, 'cause me and my mate's been a vatching over 'im for Lord nose how long, an' a cruising after him, an' a taking his bearings for him, 'cause me and my mate seed as 'ow 'e didn't 'no vot he vos a doing, a giggling at every mortal thing, vich is punish-

able here; and now I guess I've lost my situation just all along of him—Look out, Bill; don't let him get out; shove yer big carkase in the doorway. Vot imperance them small things 'as, ain't they, missus? Ven I, old enough to be his feyther is a speaking to him affectionate like, for him for to go for to try it on so. Shove'm back'ards, Bill; that's you. I wouldn't purposeli obstruct your door-vay, mum; but he aint yet paid you for our hale, and he shan't make 'is hexit till I'se done with 'im. If you'd 'noed how delicate-like I spoke to him in the street just now, all in a hindirect sort of a way, through my mate Bill, you'd say he varn't hardly ceevil."

"I won't pay for your ale, my man. I'm not the fool you take me to be. I never ordered it. The old woman herself made you a present of it. Perhaps she'll give you some more, if you ask her. No, well, don't be sulky about it. Come, we'll have glasses round, and part friends. Three more glasses, do you hear I'll pay for them."

"Oh! Lord bless us! How sharp you is," muttered the old woman, a second time, as she poured out the ale.

"Dash my vorsted vig, an' vot's your name, sir?" said old Harry.

"Me! My name is Anthony Spence."

"Then Mr. Tony, 'ere's to yer werry good 'elth, sir. Shake flippers, an' hexcuse my leetle jokes."

"No gammon, you know. What are you driving at now, eh?" said Tony.

"No gammon it is. Here Bill, take in yer ballast, man."

"Here's luck," said Bill, gulping down his ale.

Harry and Bill paid for the two glasses which they had previously had, and then offered to conduct Tony to an excellent lodging house, where they strongly recommended him to stay.

Mrs. Elliot, who kept these lodgings, was a most respectable woman. She was a loud talker, and a decided enemy to all drunkenness and

disorderly conduct. What was particularly praiseworthy in her, was the clever way in which she managed the business affairs, and money matters of her lodgers; inducing the careless ones to save, introducing the unfortunate to the more fortunate, and skilfully working all things together, so that in a short time her lodgers became a happy family.

On the twenty-fourth of April, it was our lot to fall in with poor Tony, in a much more colonial shape, at Mrs. Elliot's, in company with a man who, in the following pages, will bear the name of Charlie, and with another, called Sam. It was tea time, and several other persons were assembled at the table; but the conversation was chiefly carried on by Mrs. Elliot, and these three, two of whom, together with the aforementioned Harry and Bill, formed the crew of the "Mary Ira," a schooner whose voyage to the South Sea Islands, we propose to narrate. The third, Sam, a man of much higher quality than would be supposed from his appearance and conversation, had taken a

passage in her, for a district further to the north of New Zealand, called Waikari, where he intended to settle, and where the Captain had agreed to set him down.

"Well," said Mrs. Elliot, addressing a light complexioned, stontly made young man, who sat at the other end of the table, dressed in a somewhat too stylish attire, "Well, you've been quick back again, Charlie! What have you brought in the schooner this time? You've got me some more Kumara (sweet potatoes), I hope, eh?"

"N-n-no mum, I ain't," replied Charlie, who had an awkward habit of stuttering over his initial letters, and of repeating in an odd, angry, sort of way, the last few words of his sentences. "N-n-no mum, I ain't; the skipper h-he only t-took h-her up as f-far as Emlee's m-mills, f-for a load of s-sawn t-timber. Mr Emlee s-seems n-now, very w-well off indeed—very w-well off, indeed."

"Ah! I daresay he does," said Mrs. Elliot.

“ Well, to be sure ; and I, as knew him when he was as poor as a rat, and now, let me tell you, he’s as rich as a Jew, every bit ; and a fine Jew he is, if he’s been a going on as he began ; and I, as remembers all about it, as if it had took place yesterday, just the same, for he came to me a few days after and told me all about it, as he was a sipping of his shandy-gaff, in this here very room. Oh ! he was a sad rascal, was Emlee ; for you see, though he had some money, he didn’t scarcely know what to be up to with it, till, at last, he takes up with a chum, and buys a small bit of a boat as could sail, and then he goes creeping along, up the coast, and into the creeks, and the rivers, and all sorts of places, and buys from the natives, fish, and kumara and fruit ; and sometimes he gets hold of some kauri gum or some pigs. Well, he comes to a piece of land as would suit him first-rate, and the chief, as owned it, comes down to see whatever he was after a doing with his boat. Emlee takes him aside, and asks him, very grave-like,

if he owned any land. The chief, he circles his hand round his head like this, and says, all the land which he sees is his, and he makes a great fool of himself, a trying to look very big and grand. Emlee is wondrously purlite, and lights the chief's pipe for him, and then says, 'Lors! now! ye looks like a great chief. You've got a lot of gold, I daresay.' 'No,' says he, 'I arn't got none.' 'No gold!—oh! then you ain't nothing of a chief.' And he bursts out a laughing in his face, and pats his head, and pulls him by the beard, and then sits down, and turns his back upon him, just as if he warn't nobody at all. The chief, he looks precious angry, and walks very deliberate-like away, and Emlee, he gets his things into the boat and comes back to Auckland. Well, he comes here, and he draws out forty pounds of his money, and he goes about a changing the sovereigns into half sovereigns. I couldn't think whatever he was after, a plaguing me, and everybody else, for his half-sovereigns. At last, he gets his eighty pieces of

gold, and he puts them into a nice bag of scarlet cloth, and he goes back to the chief. The chief doesn't come down to visit him, so he sends him a present of tobacco, and a message to come on very partikler business. He lays a blanket on the ground, and he sits down with his bag of gold under his arm. At last, the chief comes down, a smoking the tobacco, and, after some time, without either of them saying a blessed word, Emlee takes the scarlet bag from under his arm, and he opens it wide, and takes up handfuls of gold, and pours it backwards and forwards into the bag. The chief looks at the gold, and his sparkling eyes begin to glitter again. He stretches out his hand towards it, at last; but Emlee puts it all up again in the bag, though he keeps a chinking of it inside the bag now and again. After he had played with him some time, the chief must have the gold, and asks 'What he'd take for it?' Emlee says the land round about must be given to him. Well, would you believe it? he got all that land, the

chief a thinking he had eighty pounds for it, instead of only forty pounds, in half sovereigns ---and very much vexed he was to find out his mistake."

"Ah! well, Mrs. Elliot," said the stout, determined-looking little man, who went by the name of Sam, "that was all very well in those days; but them things can't be done now. All the native lands have to be bought in by the Government, before they can pass into the hands of individuals; and the more's the pity, say I, for these Maories don't know what to do with the land they ve got."

"Y-you s-speaks quite f-feelingly, S-sam, on that there s-subject. Y-you'd better s-sleep a-board her t-to-night, f-for we're off the f-fust thing t-to-morrow, at sunrise, ain't we, Tony? or, m-may be, y-you won't get any d-darned bit of l-land at all, either good or b-bad---either good or b-bad."

"Well, to be sure!" said Mrs. Elliot; "then you're off to-morrow, are you, Sam? Well, I'm

sure, I hope you'll get a good piece of land up at Waikari. Mind you give me a lock of your hair, Charlie; it's all that'll remain of you, you may be sure. I can't think whatever your skipper's up to, a going to those islands. He's sure to be took by the natives. The schooner's too small for that distance, now, mark my words. I'll tell you what, Sam, while you're aboard of her, just persuade him to leave it all alone, and come back here. What are you up to along with my scissars, Tony?"

"Only obeying you, mum; here's a lock of Charlie's seaweed," replied Tony, who, it seems, had operated on his friend's head with such sleight-of-hand as to have already secured a good handful of hair. Tony made an immediate bolt through the doorway, and was quickly followed by Charlie, who, as he made his exit, muttered,

"D-dash y-youe y-young eyes, y-you bloated young thief; I guess I'll make you stop

them cussed tricks of yours—stop them cussed tricks of yours.”

“Charlie’s off, Mrs. Elliot; and as the schooner starts to-morrow morning, at sunrise, I shall sleep on board her. Good night,” said Sam, who repaired for the night to the “Mary Ira,” that lay at anchor in the beautiful, but insecure, harbour of Auckland.

She was rather a curious little vessel, 16 tons register, built of Kauri pine, justly celebrated for its great lightness and strength. Her spars were cut from some of the more supple species of the New Zealand timber. Her masts were somewhat rakish; but her bows were too bluff, her waist too short, and her build altogether too clumsy to be at all compatible with good sailing qualities. A practised eye would have discovered, at the first glance, that she had been built by an amateur, or, at all events, by some one who had not at hand all the various appliances necessary to the art of ship-building. Though not, ap-

parently, a good sailor, she seemed, nevertheless, to have been built with an eye to sea-going qualities, for she showed a comparatively bold side, strong and high bulwarks, and a bow which, as being the broadest part of her, seemed sufficiently massive to divide and force down the most angry of seas. She had been built by an old whaler, who had married a converted Maori girl, and she bore her name, the "Mary Ira." The only thing at all remarkable about her rig was her square sail yard, which seemed a great deal too long for her. A sea-faring man would have, however, explained this, by the supposition that she was about to make a deep sea voyage, and that her captain had probably provided himself with this spar, in order to "carry on" through the regions of the trade-winds. He had only lately purchased her. The ostensible object of the present voyage was to supply a firm at Newcastle (N.S.W.) with sulphur, from the volcano on the Island of Tana; but since he was far from being sure of the quality of the

sulphur, or of being able to obtain it from the natives—a fierce and difficult race to deal with—he proposed also to visit some of the neighbouring islands at the same time. As might be expected, he found it difficult to procure a crew willing to go with him in so small a craft, to such a distance, who were, at the same time, possessed of the needful qualifications. However, after some searching, he succeeded in picking up four

CHILL

Harry was a spare, meagre, old man, over sixty years of age, with a few grey hairs tumbled over his bald pate. As a whaler, he had visited many of the islands of the South Pacific, and knew the coast of Australia well, having also served in an Australian vessel. He professed to understand the process of curing trepang; but, in this matter, he turned out to be, like the whale he had so often assisted to kill, a terribly hard “blower.” But, notwithstanding his blowing—and we are sorry to have to add, his drinking and growling—he was a glorious old sea-dog,

active and wiry, and with a heart of oak, full of pertinacious courage, and of a cool impertinence, when surrounded with dangers, which seemed to bid almost a blasphemous defiance to the raging powers of nature. He was simple in his self-conceit, amusingly transparent, and, we might say, strangely reverential to religious subjects, except when abominably blasphemous, for he was regretful, if not repentant, at odd moments, and would half whimper, like a foolish child, too weak for the reformation of his own bad propensities. Strange anomaly!—that one, who so coolly asserted dominion over the elements of God, should exhibit so great an inferiority to the animal kingdom in self-government. He had a long tongue, and was ever attempting to keep the other men in subjection, by right of his post as mate, though, without much effect, as he could not control himself. But, if he did not do much for the crew, he was eminently successful as regards the vessel. Like all old seamen, he took a pride in her at once, and the captain himself

seemed somewhat astonished, to the no small inward satisfaction of the old man, at the clever little makeshifts he constantly put into practice while clearing away and putting the ship in sea-going order.

Bill was a man-of-war's man, who swore through thick and thin that he had served under Captain Semmes, in the "Alabama," which he had left for some unfathomable reason; but nothing—not even drink—could ever so far prevail over his discretion, as to induce him to reveal the great secret. He had, moreover, been cast away for some years on Bank's Island, one of the Solomon group; and he asserted that he understood thoroughly well half-a-dozen, at the least, of the various Malay dialects. He had stipulated to remain behind at any promising island, provided the natives appeared friendly, for the purpose of organising a trading station.

Charlie was a strong, stout seaman, apparently self-opinionated, but, in reality, only self-reliant. He had been a ship's rigger originally, then a

boatswain on board a Bombay ship, and had also been in several Yankee coasters, so that he was, on the whole, a great acquisition, not only from his thorough knowledge of ship-rigging, but also from his experience in sailing small crafts. Of this experience he was so proud, that he was perpetually trying to prove that he could do everything to the ship, and make the ship do everything he required of her, better than anybody else. Hence resulted innumerable arguments sufficiently ridiculous to form a source of perpetual amusement to those not immediately engaged in the controversy.

Tony was a short, active, little Welchman. Since his arrival in New Zealand, and acquaintance with old Harry, he had, like many others, made several unsuccessful attempts to obtain suitable employment, but having quickly spent all the little money he had brought out with him (in which expenditure he was materially assisted by Harry and his mate Bill), he had eventually shipped in the Mary Ira as cook and ordinary

seaman. Having gained his colonial experience, he was now let alone by the old hands, and thus had recovered his spirits and energy, which occasionally found vent in practical jokes, not always conducive to the harmony of the others.

Sam was a short, brown man. He called himself a "Rock Scorpion," having somehow tumbled into existence on the rock of Gibraltar. He was not quite clear himself, as to his parentage. He was probably a cross between a Portuguese and some other race, but it would be difficult to say whether Italian, French, or English. He had lived for many years knocking about Australia. Fortune had smiled upon him at last, and he had gained a small sum of money, with which he proposed to purchase land in New Zealand and settle. Having been unable hitherto to meet with a suitable allotment, he was now about visiting a fresh block of land which had been purchased by the Provincial Government from a Maorie Chief, named "John the Baptist," and thrown open to public competition.

JUDGE'S BAY ON EASTERN SUBURB OF AUCKLAND

Vincent Brooks Ltd

CHAPTER II.**UP THE COAST.**

THE sun had scarcely streaked with light the eastern sky, on the morning of the twenty-fifth of April, 1866, when the noise of the catch passing over the palls of a wooden windlass, might have been heard on board the "Mary Ira." She was evidently making preparations for an immediate start, for one man was heaving up the anchor, another was setting the mainsail, a third nailed the handle firmly on the tiller, while the other two members of the crew were hauling

over her side a small dingy (boat). Sam, who was the only passenger on board, sat on the cabin hatch, smoking and listening to the crew who were so actively engaged in getting her under weigh.

"Come, Sam, you ain't hardly awake," said Harry.

"That's why I smokes, old chap."

"Come, give us a 'and, vill you?"

"You've got a heavy crew, Captain," said Sam, evasively, "for so small a craft. Why me and a boy could manage her!"

"Jist give a pull on the boat's painter, sir, vill you, her 'ed wants slewing round a leetle. There—that'll do it."

"Yes, Sam, she's handy enough. Hallo! She's off, isn't she Harry?"

"The anchor's up, me bwoise; vind 'er in sharp. She's away!" shouted Harry as he jumped to the tiller.

"Who the juice are y-you sh-shouting at," retorted Charlie, "d-do you think I d-don't know

she's away. If so I guess y-yer t-tarnation m-mistaken—t-tarnation m-mistaken."

"That'll do now; none of that growling. Haul aft that jib-sheet, Charlie, and steer between the 'Curacoa' and the 'Eclipse' (two men of war). We'll 'bout ship when we get them well on our quarter. Keep her head as close to the wind as she'll go, Harry."

"Right you is, Cap'n. Vy the 'Siller Eaglet's' got her salt-horse flag up, sir. She's in a hurry, she is, to get away. The Skipper seeminli doesn't take kindly to the drubbin vich them boatmen gave 'im. My heyes it vos a joke, that was. After the ball, sir, he vos having a bit of a halterkation-like, vith von on 'em as wanted to take all the wissitors ashore in his own boat. The Skipper didn't see it, an' gives him just a leetle push on von side; so they all sets on him at vonce, an' gives him a reg'lar good malling, a svearing all the time as 'ow he vas the hag-gressor."

"Ready there, 'bout ship, helm's a lee."

"She comes roun', sir, werry pruttee, don't she, in smooth vorter. Like a leetle top, she do?"

The vessel, having gone about, rapidly approached the Island of Rangitoto, which is the Maori for "Mountain of blood." It forms the most characteristic feature of Auckland Harbour, which it completely shuts in. It is about three miles in diameter, and rises gradually to a height of a thousand feet, with a crater-like summit, on which are clearly to be distinguished three nipples. It has, moreover, this peculiarity, that, if visible at all, it always presents the same appearance, from every point of view. There is but little vegetation on it. It's upper part being composed of huge masses of red scoria. Several rocky ledges extend off its western side.

"Now, Tony, we're ready for breakfast. Is that water boiling?"

"Yes. Will you have it on deck?"

"To be sure. Who'd think of going below, such a morning as this?"

"You ain't going to ballast her at Drunken Bay, are you, Captain?"

"No, man; it would be too long a job. It would take all day with this dingy; she's uncommonly cranky, though. I shall take in more ballast at Munro's farm, where I shall put you ashore."

"You'd better come with me, Captain; and leave Harry to get her in order for her deep sea voyage. Thé country about Waikari, they say, is worth seeing. You'd enjoy it; and you may just as well fill up the time with a bit of a walk in the interior."

"Well, I don't mind if I do. How long shall you be about it?"

"Two or three days, sir."

"And what will you take with you?"

"A tent and a blanket, rolled up together."

"How about food?"

"Some ground coffee, a saucepan-coffee-pot, half-a-dozen biscuits, and a sausage."

"Is that all?"

"A couple of biscuits and a mouthful of sausage a day is enough; besides, there's plenty of wild fruit, such as peaches and grapes, to be had in the bush, sir."

"You don't say so? Just clear away those things, will you, Tony?" said the Captain, as he went below to light his pipe.

There was a fine breeze, and the schooner soon after passed out from between Rodney Point and the Little Barrier Island into the open sea. Rodney Point forms one side of the truly magnificent entrance into the Pacific from the Hauraki Gulf. It is the western portal, so to speak, of this broad road of green waters, by which vessels run out from the port of Auckland. It is bold and cliffy in the extreme, and is backed by Mount Hamilton, a remarkable hill, which looks like some double-headed monster, raising itself thirteen hundred feet aloft. On the opposite side of the Gulf, which is twelve miles wide, stands the other portal—the Little Barrier Island; it is four miles in diameter, and thickly

wooded. Steep, and apparently inaccessible, it rises up almost perpendicularly into a multitude of lofty peaks, of from two to three thousand feet in height, whence it is often called "Mount many peaks."

"Hollo! there's a fore-and-aft schooner ahead of us," suddenly exclaimed Tony.

"It's only a rock, my lad; they calls it 'Sail Rock,' on the chart, 'acause of it's zemblance to a sail," said Harry. "I suppose," continued he, addressing Sam, "you're up to all sorts of dodges for travelling up an' down the bush; but this 'ere place ain't zimilar to Horsetraily. The land here is svompt vith vorter."

"I've travelled in the bush near as much as I have on sea, especially about Queensland."

"Queensland! Then you nose Brisbane?"

"Just a few, Harry; why, man, I've lived about Brisbane for the last ten years."

"D'ye recomember a party as vos called the Songster."

"Yes, I do; I was there when he discovered about the sapless pine."

"What!" said Tony, opening his eyes, "have the pine trees got no sap?"

"I'll tell you the story, me lad. There's a curious little insect at Brisbane as lives in the brackish water at the mouth of the river. It settles on the timbers of the small craft, what do the lightering business up and down the river, between the town and Moreton Bay, where the merchant ships anchor. This insect ain't no bigger than a pin's head at first; but as it slowly eats its way into the wood, it increases in size, and becomes as big as a marble. It completely honeycombs the bottoms of ships, though they looks all the time as sound as a bell."

"I've heared on't," said Harry, "they calls it the 'cobra;' and I recomember as how they was a sheathing the lighter boats and wharfs with copper or zinc, to presarve'm."

"Yes, that's it," said Sam. "Well, Songster

was once a sailing in his cutter ; there was a nasty lop of a sea a running in from the nor'-east, and every indication of a breeze. He saw a vessel outside the bay, as was a trying to get to windward of Morton Island ; he hadn't got more than a couple of miles or so past the lighthouse, when he heard her a firing guns of distress, and so he determined to run back to her assistance. As he tacked round a buoy, his cutter missed stays in the heavy seas, and was precious near driving on to a sand bank. Seeing his danger, he suddenly seized hold of a light kedge anchor, and flung it right on the top of the buoy ; it fortunately held, and swung the cutter's head round on to the other tack. As soon as she got 'weigh on,' the kedge broke loose from the buoy, and as he hauled it in on board, he found a great piece of the buoy sticking to its flukes. The cutter soon reached the vessel, which was stuck hard and fast on a mud bank ; he flung a rope to her, and the crew and passengers all got away just before she went to pieces. Having left them at

the Bay, Songster began to examine the piece of the buoy, which, as I told you, was stuck to the kedge; a part of it had been made of cedar, and was now eaten away by the cobra; but the rest of it had been cut out of a block of sapless pine, and was perfectly uninjured. This wood smells some'ut like resin, and these insects can't abide its taste; so it has ever since been used as sheathing for the lighter boats and wharfage on the river, instead of them plates of copper and zinc, which are expensive. But where's your skipper, Harry? I guess he ought to alter her course a few points now."

The Captain had been packing up a small knapsack for his walking tour with Sam; having filled up all his spare room with onions and biscuits, he came on deck with Harry. They had made a very fair run of it, and were now within sight of the entrance to Whangari. At sundown, they anchored in a little bay on the north shore of the mouth of the harbour, close to Munro's farm. While furling the sails, Harry called

attention to a rumbling noise in the direction of the town.

"Be silent, can't yer, me bwoise? Vot's that noise?"

"It's a steamer, but she's a long way off; what a death-like silence."

"Not so far off as you think, Captain; there's a bend in the river, which shuts in the sound," said Sam. "It's the 'Tasmanian Maid;' she runs to Auckland and back, and stops here for letters, eggs, and butter."

"Tony, just light that bull's eye lantern; look alive, she's forging ahead fast."

"K-k-quick, yer y-young thief; what are you f-fumbling at. Sh-she'll be on the t-top on us as sure as s-snakes is snakes."

"All right, Charlie; here you are," said Tony, handing up the lantern, which was at once hung up in a conspicuous part of the fore-rigging.

"The steamer's stopt short, sir, and has dropped it's boat astarn; aye, and there's some

one in it. Shouldn't wonder if it warn't old Munro."

"Your right. Well! we'll be off, too; lower away the boat."

"I'll row you ashore, sir," said Harry.

"You'll take your dog with you, won't you, sir?" said Sam, caressing the Captain's dog, a black Scotch colly, called Lupus. "He'll be useful in the bush."

"He'll eat more than he's worth, I guess."

The boat was now lowered over the schooner's side, and the Captain and Sam, with the dog, were landed on the beach by Harry.

"Well, Harry, good night to you; you must act as stevedore, and see to her ballasting. She wants trimming down well aft; fill up the water casks, and if you have time before we return, get in a good supply of fire wood."

"Aye, aye, sir; and her rigging wants overhauling. Good night."

The Captain and Sam walked along the beach,

passing several little farmsteads, store-houses, and even a post office, on their way to Munro's farm, where they intended to beg for lodgings for the night. Mr. Munro, who had just that instant arrived at his house by the "Tasmanian Maid," received them at once, with that cordial hospitality which it is the pride of a New Zealand settler to bestow. He was a kind-hearted, fine looking old man—a hardened specimen of the Gaelic race—assuming almost a patriarchal influence and position over those who formed this charming settlement of Highlanders. He had lived here surrounded by his clan for many years. His house was a simple, but commodious one, built of wood, and facing one of the most picturesque bays in the harbour; on one side of it stood several of those strangely shaped mountains, the sharp escarpments of which, with their comically jagged outlines, seem peculiar to New Zealand scenery. Behind, some good pasture land rose up into high fern ranges, overlooked by an old native "pah," or sugar-loaf hill, which had

once been strongly fortified with Maori earth works. They were invited to partake of an excellent supper, and while it was being prepared, two or three neighbouring settlers dropped in.

"Sae dow yer sit doon," said Mr. Munro, "an' tak soom damperr an' chaze, till beterr meat's mad r'dy."

Fried fish, cold peach pie, and cream, cheese and damper (a sort of doughy bread), were washed down with some capital whiskey. There had just taken place a great cricket match and the Whangari eleven had returned from the Bay of Islands where they had been victorious for the first time.

"Aweel, I ken little aboot it, but a body tould ma y'r w'r na' sotisfied wi' bating 'em at cricket, but maun gar, quotha, an' insurt 'em at th'r oon dinner boord."

"All chaff, sir; all chaff. One of us gave 'em a comic song. Thought it too personal. Got up, left table. Thin skinned chaps."

"Ah!" said Sam, "there are some good folks

as can't stand chaff. There was Elisha, now."

"Don't know him. Live up in town?"

"No. Him that turned the bears loose on the children. Ain't you read your—"

"Tak soom moorr speerits, mon, an' drop that," said Munro.

"Thank you, sir. So you beat them at the election last month, I'm glad to hear it."

"Aye, mon, I w'ss trysted wi the m'fortun' o' being clink'd uppermaist, sae that I'm the mimbr' f'r Whangarie noo."

This gave rise to a discussion on colonial politics. It was suggested that all the native lands should be assumed to belong to the government, unless under actual cultivation, and that this land should be sold by auction, at a reserve of four shillings an acre only, instead of ten shillings as it is now; and that the settlers should be left to maintain possession of it (if they could), by military combinations among themselves, against the Maories. This gave general

satisfaction, and, as the whiskey disappeared, the new member pledged himself to carry this suggestion, and several others, through the house. Sam discovered that the settler who sat next him was the very man who had been employed by government to survey the new district; he therefore laid himself out to him, as much as possible, in order to obtain from him information about the positions of the best patches of land. In the meantime the others were discussing the subject of Titaniferous Iron Ore, whether or not the probabilities were in favour of its ever becoming an article of export to Great Britain.

“It’s a black sand, sir, granulated like gun-powder, found on the shores at New Plymouth, Taranaki, Mount Egmont, and perhaps some other places, and it produces a tough iron of first rate quality.”

“Aye, I heard a story of an Irishman who sold a bag of it to a Maori Chief, pretending as it was gun-powder. The Maori had been at him a long while, teasing him to sell him some



POST OFFICE &c NEAR MUNRO'S FARM

powder, though it was illegal for him to sell any. The Irishman was so much in their hands that he could not afford to offend their chief. He also suspected foul play, so he filled a bag with this sand, and sold it to him at a tremendous high price, as though it was gunpowder. The chief immediately took it to the authorities, hoping to gain a large reward, for informing upon the Irishman. Well, sir, the Irishman was summoned. The evidence was as clear as noonday. The Commissioners had summed up, and the verdict was about to be pronounced, when to the astonishment of everybody, sir, the prisoner bursts into regular shouts of laughter, calling them all 'a parcel of miserable old women as didn't know gunpowther from block sond.' "

At length the settlers departed for the night, and Mr. Munro, addressing the Captain and Sam, said—

"Weel, weel. Coom, awa, wi you; I'll jist shoo ye y'r beds f'r the noight, an' nixt mornen, may be, I'll be f'r gieing ye a notion o' the

noo deestricht o' Waikari, an' o' the surest gate to-words it. Gude night."

"Thank you, for your kindness," said they, in return, as they closed the crazy old door of a queer looking garret, in which were two still more crazy looking bedsteads. Here they lay down ostensibly to sleep, but in reality to listen to the awful howlings of poor Lupus outside, and to be devoured by crowds of mosquitoes all night.

CHAPTER III.

WAIKARI.

"SIR ! are you awake yet?" inquired Sam despondingly, on the morning of the twenty-sixth of April.

"Awake yet! Yes, Sam; I am yet awake, if that's what you mean, and I wish to goodness I wasn't. But after all, what's the good of lying down, when one can't sleep. Just dance the Highland fling, will you, Sam, to waken up the house, and then p'raps we shall get something in the shape of a breakfast, before we start."

"Oh! no, sir, I shouldn't exactly like to disturb them after their civility to us last night."

"Ah! you're not half a colonial, Sam. Well! we must start on an empty stomach, and without Mr. Munro's 'notion.'"

"That don't matter, sir. I think I know as much about the land as Munro does; for one of the chaps, that was here to supper last night, was the Surveyor himself. So I pumped him about it as well as I could,"

"Considering you were half drunk."

"Oh! no, sir. It takes a sight of grog to make my face flush even."

"I dare say it does, Sam. You've got a dark complexion. But are you sure, you know the position of the new district?"

"Yes, sir. We can't miss it."

"Why so?"

"You see, sir, it's on a piece of land that's shaped like my nose."

"Like your nose, man! What do you mean?"

“Well, sir ! It points out into the sea, and it hangs on to the mainland, just as this feature,” and Sam pointed to his proboscis, “hangs on to my face. The lower side of this piece of land is bounded by the wide mouthed entrance of Whangari harbour, and it’s upper side is limited by the line of the sea coast.”

“And whereabouts is Waikari situated ?”

“Just about the bridge of the nose, sir.”

“And we shall have to start from the nostril I suppose ? Well ! have you got a pocket compass with you ?”

“No, sir. I haven’t, but there’s a biggish wart on the tip of the nose, as ’ill serve for a land mark to steer by. I means the Great Bream Head.”

“Well ! Are you ready ? Let’s make a start of it. Come.”

They slung their “swags” on their backs, and walked off with Lupus. The country was of the most varied description. They passed over hill and vale, down abrupt cliffs, through deep

gullies, up to their middles in muddy water. Sometimes wandering over vast tracts of open fern land, and at other times traversing patches of thick and heavy bush, where the lofty totarra, and gigantic Kauri, spread high overhead their impenetrable foliage, casting into the deepest gloom the confused undergrowth of tree ferns and cabbage trees. The strange looking supple-jacks, like long black snakes, hung suspended from the trees, and clung about, and twisted and twirled themselves fantastically around in every possible direction. One huge Kauri tree, the girth of which was more than twelve yards, rose up to a height that could neither be measured nor even guessed at, from the astonishing assemblage of various kinds of inextricable foliage, which completely concealed its upper parts. There is something particularly gloomy and threatening in the dark foliage of the Kauri, supported, as it is, by heavy, twisted, and gnarled branches. This tree is a species of pine, but its general appearance reminds one of a straggling ilex.

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CREEK OF THE PATAW

Sometimes it grows to an enormous size. Mr. Terry, in his work on New Zealand, alludes to one, near Mercury Bay, called "The Father of the Kouri," by the natives, "Although almost incredible, it measures seventy-five feet in circumference at its base There is an arm, some distance from the trunk, which measures six feet in diameter at its juncture with the main stem."

"Well, Sam, if it's all the same to you, we'll sit down, and have breakfast, or rather dinner, for it's past noon," said the Captain, seating himself on the edge of a deep cattle track. "I feel considerably done up."

"That's the creek of the Pataw, sir, in front of us, I'm well nigh sure. Hadn't we better push on? There's no water here, and biscuit is dry eating by itself."

"Hang the water! I've got a few mouthfuls of brandy in a flask. Come, sit down. We must make the best of it."

After a light meal, they continued onwards

in the same direction, through the same tangled scenery, indented with ravines. They intended to track down to the coast a little river, which they could occasionally catch sight of, from the higher land, and which they surmised must run into the Pataw, where some of the best lots of land in the district were said to lie. They had a long walk over a high fern range of excellent land for cattle. The ferns grew to a height of seven feet, and were mixed in places with ti trees, sufficiently tall to afford shade and shelter from the midday heat.

At length they gained a commanding view of the windings of the river, and towards evening our travellers had the satisfaction, after wading across a marsh full of tall rushes and mangroves, to arrive at a singularly picturesque spot. The marsh drained itself into the little deep river, which wound along amid some high flax plants and cabbage trees, into the creek of the Pataw. There was a flat, rocky, corner jutting out into the river, and shelving down to it. Behind was a

bank covered with fine timber. On this flat, rocky, corner stood two trees, between which they determined to fix their tent. They had barely sufficient time, before the sun set, to do so, and to light a good fire. While the fire was burning up Sam walked down to the river side to fill a saucepan coffee pot with water. The dog was lapping up the water with great eagerness, so Sam followed his example by taking a good pull at the coffee pot. He stopped short, however, after the first gulp, and began groaning dismally.

“Faugh—ugh—pah! Sir, the water’s as slimy and brackish as lobster sauce.”

The Captain was in despair. It is by no means pleasant, after a long, wearying walk in a hot climate, to find, when your encampment has begun to assume an air of comfort, that a long and perhaps unsuccessful search for water awaits you.

“Nonsense,” said he, running to the stream; “it’s impossible.”

“I’ll tell you what, sir, I’ll just go into the middle of the stream. It may be better there.”

Not a bit of it. The tide was running in from the sea, and consequently, though the water had not quite such a fishy flavour, yet it was much more salt.

"Well, sir, I don't know what to do now. I haven't got my Bibles with me, else I might hit upon some remedy."

"Your Bibles, man ; what do you mean ?"

"Don't you know what my Bibles are ?"

"No."

"Why first, there's the Bible, sir, which is my guide to heaven. Second, there's Nory's 'Epitome,' which is my guide at sea. Thirdly, there's Galton's 'Art of Travel,' which is my guide in the bush. Those are the only three books worth reading, sir."

"Well, Sam, this marsh extends apparently a long way, and its water is sure to be all putrid. The only thing for us to do is to start off again with our baggage ; that is, if you can't do without water. I'm not so very thirsty myself."

"And I'm not so hard up for water, as that comes to, either," said Sam.

“Suppose we make some onion broth with this sea water. It’ll do instead of salt.”

They made some very tolerable broth, which, however, did not have the effect of abating their thirst. This fact, together with the many millions of mosquitoes and sand flies swarming and buzzing around them, effectually drove away all inclination to sleep. They sat, however, very comfortably in their tent, with the fire in front of them, so arranged that the wind blew the smoke through its canvas opening, right in their faces, and filled the tent; but this not being quite sufficient to clear off these insects, it was found necessary to add to it the smoke of tobacco. They, therefore, resolved upon lighting their pipes having a bit of chat, and then smoking and sleeping by turn, till daylight.

“Well, Sam, what do you think about Mr. Munro? If he could have his way, he would give you your land at four shillings an acre, instead of at ten shillings. That would suit you, eh?”

“He’s a public spirited man, at all events, and that’s not what is often seen in the colonies.”

"What! You, an old colonist, say that?"

"And he seems a quiet man, too, and how he's got to be elected puzzles me."

"Why so?"

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, Captain; I've been to most of the places about here and in Australia, and I always thinks the people out here don't understand the meaning of 'holding a stake in the country.' People come out here not, generally, to live, but 'to go the rounds,' to pick up all they can get, and if they have luck, just to go back home again; so, in course, they don't hold a stake in the country, though they pretends they do."

"I see, you think 'the stake' becomes not so much a symbol of responsibility as an authoritative weapon to knock about the ears of the people, and to clear a passage through them for oneself in the universal scrimmage after the almighty."

"It's just that, sir, and I thinks that if it hadn't been for that, the people wouldn't have been such fools as to have instituted their suffrage dodge."

“ Well, but it’s the people that did it.”

“ And the more fools they, for they’ve opened the doors of the parliament to all them as shouldn’t have been allowed to enter it at no price. They’ve opened it to all the roystering blackguards that infest the country.”

“ Why, you’re a bloated aristocrat, Sam.”

“ The same to you, and wuss, sir, whatever that may be. But, sir, a country ain’t a ship, to be governed from its stern.”

“ Well, but tell me why you think it all so bad?”

“ That’ll take a long time, sir; and where to begin I don’t know.”

“ Oh ! I’ll steer you through the subject. Just imagine the constitution to be a big tree ; now begin with the roots. What sort of people do they elect to be their members of parliament ? Are they clever men ? In what do they principally excel ?”

“ I’ve observed, sir, that they generally excels in one of two things, sir. First, in that of liquoring-up well the highly independent constituency.”

"Independent you mean, I suppose, of all such foolish and impracticable notions as true patriotism, love of genuine reform, &c."

"Yes, sir; and secondly they excel in ignorance and conceit in themselves, for having discovered something which everyone else knew long ago, they get so conceited over themselves for having discovered it, as they think, that they make quite a fuss about it."

"You mean the fanatical ignorance of the demagogue whose ignorance having been enlightened on a particular truth, fanatically converts it into a general one, and thrusts it into novel spheres with an audacity that astonishes and electrifies the howling mob."*

* See "Salmagundi," by Washington Irving:—"This empire is governed by a grand and most puissant bashaw, whom they dignify with the title of President. He is chosen by persons who are chosen by an assembly elected by the people—hence the mob is called 'the sovereign' people, and the country 'free.' The body politic doubtless resembling a vessel, which is best governed by its tail" * * * * "Preposterous! How is it possible that such men can be capable of distinguishing between an honest man and a knave, or even if they were, will it not always happen that they will be led by the nose by some intriguing demagogue and made the mere tool of ambitious political jugglers? Surely it would be better to trust to Providence, or even to chance, for governors than resort to the discriminating powers of an ignorant mob."

"Some'ut of that sort is what I mean, sir."

"Well, Sam, now that you've proved some of the roots to be vitiated, let's see what we may expect from the trunk of the tree, from that main support of the country—the parliament."

"Perhaps, sir, the Sydney Parliament, being the oldest, would give a chap the most correct view of what it all comes to, and it's awful there, sir; the sensible ones can't say or do a thing."

"You think, then, that the shallow, impudent, and noisy demagogue, being in the majority, utterly overwhelms the quiet, prudent, and patriotic."

"The things that go on there are so disgraceful and ridiculous, that the visitor who looked on would laugh it all to scorn, sir, unless he wept at the folly of it."

"Well, but what sort of things go on there?"

"They drinks themselves up, and blackguards each other like fun, sir."

"Can it be habitual with these dishonourable

members to drink themselves into a state of fuddled talkativeness, in order to wind themselves up to the requisite pitch for the display of effective personal abuse? I cannot believe you, Sam."

"Well, sir, the *Sydney Punch*, and everyone else, always calls it 'the great parliamentary pig-stye.' But, sir, it would take half-a-dozen *Punches*, a blazing away at them in every column, to do them any good. Why, sir, talking of the Melbourne Parliament, there was one big member began a bullying and blackguarding one of the quieter ones; but the quiet one wouldn't stand it, and so he gets up, and says, since they are canvassing the private character of himself, he'll just do the same for the tother party, and then he tells them that this big bully had once been the Captain of a slave ship, which happened to be becalmed, and so couldn't escape from an English man-of-war, and that he tied all the slaves, by one arm, to a long rope, and dangled them over the side of the ship, with just their

noses above water, and with a heavy weight at their feet, hoping that the officer of the man-of-war wouldn't see them ; 'but,' says he, 'the officer happening to put his head over the ship's side, he hears a bit of a splash—and what do you think the splash was ?' says he,—'why, it was the slaves ; for, as soon as ever the Captain saw the officer a craning his head over the side, he give a whistle, and the mate for'ard cuts the rope with his axe, and down goes all the slaves, so sudden, that they had no time to screech out.' That story, sir, silenced the big bully for a time, I should think."

"You've not got the story quite right, Sam ; but never mind. Well, we now come to the foliage of the tree. What sort of society have you, in a general way, among the middle and lower classes in Australia ? Is it as bad as it is here ?"

"It's much worse, sir. It greatly resembles the foliage of the Australian trees generally,

which is narrow, drooping, and anything but verdant."

"Colonial society, you would say, then, is unutterably dry, and has to be perpetually moistened with beer, wine, and spirits, otherwise it would completely fade away?"

"In fact, sir, the society is all pot-house, and that's the truth of it."

"Well, as regards the fruit of such a tree as that you've been describing, there can't be a doubt about it—that if, to the upper classes, the whole becomes a ludicrous burlesque upon England, to the lower classes it must be a sad and fearful tragedy; for, of course, there can be no relief for them—none of those organisations, wheel within wheel, which provide for and sustain them in England. They are, I suppose, entirely dependant upon the philanthropy of others, and it takes only a little knocking about in the world to find that there is not much of that in reality, though they get shamed into it a little in Eng-

land; but that does not hold good in the colonies, I suppose?"

"If the poor man, sir, once loses heart out here, it is all over with him; he may as well do what many of them does—go into a bush, and die like a dog—decently, sir, under a tree, not in the pathway, or the passer-by will probaby d—n him for leaving his carcase in the road."

"Well, Sam, this tree that you have been describing to me is quite a curiosity in the vegetable kingdom, for it's grown just contrary to all the laws of nature, and it reverses the natural order of things. The great classes, or ranks of man, are natural divisions, Sam. A linen-draper wouldn't make a good bush man, nor a bush man a linen-draper. And, Sam, history shews us that all men and nations naturally fall into these classes. Each class may have a right to be represented, in proportion to the elevation of its rank; but that any one class has the right to outvote another, so that it shall have no representative at all, is wrong, even though it favours

the aristocracy of merit ; but, Sam, what shall we say, when it favours the *crème de la crème* of demerit—‘the right of all men to have an equal vote in the government of a country?’ What a statement is this ! but what an egregious error is it, for the lower classes, of all people in the world, to make ! It is the same as though they voluntarily gave up the right they undoubtedly have to call upon their wealthier brethren for help and assistance, in time of difficulty.”

Sam slept.

The next morning (the twenty-seventh) while Sam was engaged in lighting a fire, the Captain managed to fill the saucepan coffee pot with tolerable water, by tilting into it the long, sword-shaped leaves of the flax plants, on which the dew had collected, in large drops, during the night. After a cup of coffee, they were in better condition for marching across the various lots of land.

Sam had a large map of the survey, on thin tracing paper, upon which he wrote a few remarks, in pencil, as he came to each lot.

At one time, as they walked towards the creek of the Pataw, they lost all view of it, and seemed to be completely locked in by steep hills, covered with bush and impenetrable thickets. Here they came to a stand-still, and had to retrace their footsteps for some miles, which was most aggravating; when, just as they despaired of getting down to the place they had marked out as the extreme point worth visiting in that direction, they found a steep ravine, down which they rolled and tumbled, leading straight to the very place they wanted to examine. The beautiful Pataw, divided into two branches, lay right in front, forming a delta of very fair native grass. As they approached the creek, they heard sounds as of people throwing heavy stones in the water, and found it to be caused by large numbers of silvery-backed fish, which leaped out of the water to a great height, and then came down with a loud smack on the surface, at a distance of some yards from where they had risen.

They had sat down to smoke and to rest them-

selves, and were taking notes of the land, when their attention was drawn, by the measured sound of oars close upon them, to a solitary Maori, in a canoe. On seeing them, the Maori paddled quickly to the other bank of the river, where he cautiously deposited some strung fish.

Sam shouted out "Tanaki, tanaki" (glad to see you), at the top of his voice.

This re-assured him, for he paddled towards them; and, on being given some tobacco, he carried them across the creek in his canoe, and subsequently pointed out the best way to get to the Tai Aruru, another river, at the mouth of which some of the best land was, according to Mr. Munro, situated.

After some hours' walking, they came upon what appeared to be a Maori burial-place. It was a flat, high mound, with a couple of stakes on either side driven into the ground, and a cross bar. There was no name to identify the dead; but an old pair of coarse blue trousers, the sign of its being "tapu" (or sacred) was

hung up to float in the breeze. It was thickly over-grown with fern, on a rapid slope, just above a fresh water gully, filled with tall trees and ti-tree scrub—a delicious place for dinner,—so they sat down and refreshed themselves with another cup of coffee and some biscuits and meat.

A long walk, in the afternoon, brought them to a mountain marked on the plan as Kauri Mountain, and which rewarded them for all their fatigues. A forest concealed its southern flank, giving it a black, savage appearance, when viewed from the side. It is a forest of Kauri timber, once so extensive as to have given the name to the mountain. The genuine Kauri forests are not so thick in that wonderfully rich undergrowth peculiar to New Zealand, as are those of mixed timber; but, perhaps, this may be said to be an advantage, in some respects, even as regards beauty, for the tree ferns, &c., grow more gracefully, and are certainly more visible. Arriving by circuitous cattle tracks, at

the top of the mountain, the travellers had the gratification of finding that it commanded a view of the sea.

There was the blue ocean, on their right, studded over with a group of softly-tinted islands, breaking through the line of the horizon with their delicate outlines. A long, wavy, coast line, cast into numerous bays and creeks, was elevated, as a rocky barrier against the unquiet waters, whose hoarse roar, mellowed by the distance, they distinctly heard. To the front, full before them, stretched long reaches of undulating fern, sweeping inland from the high-lifted coast, covered with large patches of the *hara-keke*, or flowering flax, and intersected with the windings of the river, the *Tai Aruru*, which meandered downwards to the sea, through rich, green flats of grass. Behind them, the whole country rose up, with one accord, into a very tumult of hills, of every shape, piled at the base of distant mountains, which, in their turn, were over-topped by the Great Bream Head, with

its wild-looking double peaks, jagged and naked on either side.

They now passed down the mountain and crossed some low flats, where the ti tree and ferns grew so luxuriantly, as to threaten to impede further progress, till ascending the high ridge which girt the shores—a ridge which sloped inwards, clothed with grass; but which, outwards, beetled down upon the sea, with stern and rocky cliffs—they arrived at a wide-opened chasm, or gully, and thence at a charming little bay, with cavernous rocks on its sides, and with a shelving, pebbly, and sandy beach in front, whilst a streamlet from the gully flowed down it, partially dammed up by a bank of sand, so as to form a small pool of fresh water, within a few yards only of the sea. Here they pitched their tent, lit a fire, collected a stack of fire-wood, and cut down a supply of springy ferns, on which to make their beds for the night.

This was the piece of land which Sam intended more thoroughly to inspect. From all accounts,

it seemed to be the one best suited to his purposes, so they devoted the next morning (namely the twenty-eighth), after enjoying a bathe in the sea, to walking carefully round the boundaries of the lots, as pegged down by the surveyor, and identifying them with the lines and figures marked upon the plan. First, they walked along the marginal ridge, which, as we have said, confronted the sea with precipitous escarpments, and inclined gently inland, towards the low flats of the Tai Aruru. They found it to consist of splendid land, capable of supporting thousands of cattle—full of native grasses, ferns, flax, and ti tree, intermingled with flowers, which were covered with singing locusts. Moreover, as the land sloped downwards to the river, it became marshy and full of those tender, bright green rushes in which the New Zealand cattle seem to revel. Following up the surveyor's tracks to a spur of the Kauri Mountain, where it united with the ridge, they found it heavily wooded from top to bottom, with abundance of kauri, totarra, red

pine, and other valuable timber, while the fresh water streamlet, which flowed into the bay, had its origin somewhere here, and circled around the base, on its way to the sea. Proceeding along its well-shaded banks, they returned to their encampment, and prepared an early dinner, which, by the way, was chiefly composed of a sauce made out of a moderately-sized crab, which they had found on the rocks, while bathing, in the morning.

"A pity we've got no butter, nor a frying pan, sir. These locusts are first-rate roasted in grease. It's best to pull off their legs and wings, though."

"Sam, my friend, you disgust me."

"Well, sir, John the Baptist ate 'em."

"And if he did, what then? He had thirty wives, was tattoed, and covered with vermin; you'd better imitate him in those matters, too, Sam."

"Oh! Lord, sir! don't be sacrilegious."

"And he went about stark naked, and smoked

an iron pipe. Rather hot in the mouth that, Sam; eh?"

"Yes, sir; very much so, indeed. Not the pipe, I mean; but what you're a saying."

"What do you mean, man?"

"I mean the Jew, sir; the John the Baptist of the Bible."

"Oh! I thought you meant the Maori Chief, who sold this land to the government, and whose name they said was John the Baptist. But if he was a Jew he wouldn't eat a locust."

"Yes, sir; and wild honey, too."

"Well! red currant jelly goes well with hare, it's true; but still, Sam, the mixture would taste funny. Fancy honey, roasted flies, and melted butter, beat up together. Pah! it would be an apothecary's ointment, Sam; and the dead flies would make it stink, cooked or raw. No, old chap; it was the fruit of the locust tree he ate, not the fly. But what do you think about the land, Sam? Have you made up your mind about getting it?"

"It's a great pity they've divided the piece we've been over into two lots. If I can bid for the two together, I'll do so; for then it would be a very complete piece, and one as would suit me well. For first, I should have a very good bay, where a schooner, in fine weather, could very well anchor; and in bad weather, she could always run into the Nongodo river, which isn't only a few miles higher up the coast. Secondly, sir, there's this stream, which, without any trouble, would turn a water wheel for a saw mill, and there's plenty of timber close by it. Next, sir, there's quite enough of a cattle run for me; and then, lastly, the fencing it all in wouldn't come to much, for it's rather triangularly shaped, and there would only be one side of the triangle to fence across, from the river to the sea. But I won't bid for one lot unless I'm sure of getting the other."

"Well, I think you are right, Sam. If I had a wife and children, I shouldn't mind settling, too."

We must here take leave altogether of Sam, who, as soon as he had regained Munro's farm, returned by steamer to Auckland ; while the Captain proceeded to his schooner, which, being in perfect readiness for her voyage, got immediately under weigh.

At sun-down she rounded the promontory, and sailed up the coast, between that curious group of islands called the "Hen and Chickens," and the "Great Bream Head," whose summit resembled the head of a stag, having two branching knobs, surmounted with a grotesquely grown tree or two.

As the twilight advanced, this resemblance grew stronger and stronger, and the hills behind raised their heads in the shades of the semi-darkness for a moment, like a herd of wild cattle round some antlered monarch, all madly galloping across a huge American prairie far away, retreating from the schooner into the distance of the fast falling night.

TAI ARURU ENCAMPMENT

CHAPTER IV.

NORFOLK ISLAND.

ANTICIPATING bad weather, the Captain had run into a small harbour on the coast, where he had anchored for the remainder of the night. It was a pretty place, though groaning under the inelegant name of Tutucaca. At its entrance were three enormous gables of solid rock. The passage in was only a cable's length in width, but inside, it opened out to about twice that extent. There was a pretty wooded islet in the middle, close to which the

schooner had dropped anchor. It was well protected to sea-ward by rocks, and there was a small Maori village on the little strip of shelving beach which formed the southern shore.

On the morning of the 29th of April, some Maories came, in their beautifully-carved canoes, alongside the schooner, bringing with them water-melons, mash-melons, and pumpkin-melons, also kumara (a native sweet potato), and some common pumpkins, in return for which they begged for some "pipes and 'bacco," which were readily given them.

Tony commenced catching fish, and was so successful, that in ten minutes a score of large "snapper" were flopping about on deck. While he was preparing them for breakfast, Bill and Charlie went ashore with the natives, returning shortly afterwards with a couple of canoe-fulls of fire-wood, with which the vessel had been rather scantily provided.

The breakfast was extremely amusing. Four or five of the Maories had clambered up on deck,

and their olfactory nerves were tickled by the odour of the roasting "snapper," which provoked a strong sensation of hunger. They considered they had earned a breakfast, by the assistance they had afforded in collecting firewood.

"Well," said the Captain, who had gathered enough from their strange broken English to perceive what they wanted; "let them have breakfast with us."

"Look 'ere now, yer niggers. Sit down, vill yer?" said Harry; "an' put on yer best manners, like Pakehas (Europeans), or I'll not sit down vith yer."

"Y-you d-do like m-me," said Charlie, drawing himself out with intense dignity, and then sitting down, as if he had swallowed a poker.

"Yah ! ar, ar, me Pakeha, we all Pakehas," said the natives, who gravely and exactly imitated him, sitting down like so many pairs of tongs, bent rigidly into sitting attitudes.

Tony having served up breakfast, thought it

was his turn to initiate them into the manners of fashionable life.

“You do like me,” said he to one of them, “and not like him,” pointing to Charlie.

The native he had addressed carelessly flung one leg over the other, and threw the whole crew into convulsions of laughter, by cleverly assuming the exaggerated airs of a dandified coxcomb. He bowed to the Captain with frigid politeness, as he sipped his coffee. He gracefully flourished his arms about as he took a biscuit, which Tony handed him, and smiled blandly on himself, and washed his hands in the air, with the self-complacent look that so well suits a small tea party at home. A short, black pipe, held against his brow by a piece of twine tied round his head, gave him an irresistibly comical appearance. His mimicry of European conversation was, moreover, capital. Addressing the other Maories in, it is true, a somewhat unintelligible language, he seemed to be pluming himself prodigiously upon his knowledge of Europeans generally. Perhaps he had

visited Auckland, and like the monkey who stepped out of his cage, thought that he also had seen the world. At all events, he looked upon himself as being infinitely superior to his brown brothers, who were but a parcel of ignorant blacks. Having indulged himself with various sarcasms on their colour, ugliness, and such-like personalities, he finished up by requesting to be allowed the singular honour of "smoking that gentleman's health," pointing to Tony, "in a pipeful of 'bacca."

"The vether's been taking up all the blessed morning, sir, an' the vind seems coming round a few points, vot leetle there is on it. Hadn't ve better move on."

"The tide is s-still g-getting in strong—g-getting in strong."

"Yes, but we can't afford to lose time. Perhaps the natives will tow us out with their canoes."

"Give 'em a taste of rum, Captain. Them

chiaps would drown 'emselves for a toothful of grog."

The anchor up, and mainsail set, a small hawser was handed down to the natives, who rowed away vigorously in their canoes, between the rocks, to the sea, towing the schooner out with them. The jib, stay, and foresail, were then run up, and soon she went dancing away, with the wind on her port quarter along the wild and rugged coast, past Cape Brett, which is twelve hundred feet high, rising abruptly on its eastern side, but sloping off gradually to the north; past a small bare rock which lies off it, a little way out to sea, perforated by a strange looking natural archway. This rock forms one side of the eastern approach to that lovely harbour, studded with innumerable islands, where stands the town of Korarika, formerly one of the chief places of resort of the many whalers that, a few years back, used to frequent these seas. Subsequently it was, for a short time, the capital of New Zealand; Auckland

superseded it, and Wellington has now superseded Auckland.

The schooner did not enter the "Bay of Islands," but kept on her course to the north. At sundown, the Captain passed the "North Cape," and took his departure from that singularly bold group of Island rocks, called the "Three Kings."

On the thirtieth of April he fell in with the strong south-east trade winds which bore him rapidly onwards towards Norfolk Island. On the night of the first of May it blew rather fresh, so the Captain hauled on a wind from the south, fearing lest he should pass it.

At sunrise on the second, he sighted Philip Island and flew down to it, at a great rate, before the boisterous breeze, under double reefed canvas. Philip Island is a curious red rock, situated close to Norfolk Island, and opposite its principal harbour, which has been named after Sydney, the capital of New South Wales.

And now all were looking anxiously at the

flag-staff in Sydney Harbour to see whether the flag of danger, or the union jack, was hoisted by the inhabitants; for this place is so exposed to the wind, that it is only in very moderate weather that it affords a safe anchorage.

Yes, there it was, plain enough; the Captain had caught sight of the union jack with his glass, and congratulating himself that all was right, he boldly ran on for the anchorage, as marked in the chart, intending to provide himself with additional firewood and to await more moderate weather.

Bill and Tony went for'ard to be ready to let go the anchor stop, when the proper moment for doing so should have arrived, Harry stood by the lead-line, and Charlie steered. It was a moment of considerable excitement for them all, as the little craft rose and fell on the seas that, in the now shoaling water, stood mountains high, and neared the reefs which apparently extended entirely round the open bay, into which they had sailed, with the wind right aft.

In vain the Captain examined this barrier of

water, dashed high in the air, by unseen rocks, into cataracts of foam, hoping to find some opening through which they might pass into the smooth water beyond; but no, there was nothing of the sort, and the bay itself was far too unprotected for any one to dream for a moment of anchoring in it. Philip Island, which is nothing but a bare rock, was too small and too distant to afford them the shelter of a lee shore. In fact it soon became so evident that Sydney harbour, Norfolk Island, was, in the usual acceptation of the word, no harbour at all, that the Captain suddenly exclaimed—

“If we’re not already jam’d, we must get out of this, at all risks, or we’re lost. Jibe ship there. Down with the helm, hard to port. Haul in the main sheet.”

The schooner answered her helm only too easily, for, as her head came round, a sea caught her a buffet on the port quarter which set her spinning, long before the main sheet could be gathered in, and consequently the boom of the

main sail (which was taken aback), swung across the taffrail with a heavy surge, nearly knocking Charlie overboard, and being brought up, on the other side, by the main sheet, suddenly, and with a violent jerk, it broke loose from the mast altogether, and fell quivering on the deck like a live thing.

"Jaws of the boom are gone. Handspikes there, Tony. Some spare rope, some one. Look alive, now!"

The handspikes were brought in an instant, and one on either side of the boom projecting a little from its end, so as to form jaws, were firmly lashed. It required the united strength of the whole crew to ship it on the shoulders against the mast. The excitement of emergency gives strength. In another minute they would have been too late. It would have been utterly impossible for them to have got out of the reef-surrounded bay, by which they were nearly shut in. As it was, they had to keep her feathers shaking in the wind, and it was rather owing to

an eddy of the current, which carried them round than to the sailing qualities of the craft, that she escaped utter destruction from the reefs on her lee bow.

The crew, on looking back, like Lot's wife, saw that the flagstaff had, apparently, at length awoke to a sense of their danger, and had lowered its flag half mast. This signal, if it did not exactly turn them into pillars of salt produced in them that savory zest or gratification, which is said to be the salt of life; for it was clear, that the islanders intended to signify by that demonstration that they had narrowly escaped "instant death."

Tony being well assured of this fact, commenced immediate preparations for dinner, while the Captain steered the vessel round to the lee side of the Island.

At a little distance, Norfolk Island looks like a huge mountain of rock, driven up from the very depths of the sea, for its sides are so perpendicular (except indeed at Sydney Harbour, and Cascade

Bay, where they are a little shelving), that one might call it table-land, were it not that in lieu of being flat at the top, it rises up into many rounded hills, flowing one over the other in picturesque irregularity. On coming nearer, it is found to be clothed with the magnificent *Araucaria Excelsa*, clean, tall pine trees, with branches feathering down to the grassy slopes beneath, upon which a good sprinkling of cattle may be seen grazing tranquilly. From the slightly stiff symmetry of the Norfolk pine, the whole bore a faint resemblance to a piece of English park scenery, natural, but well taken care of.

This island as every body knows, used in former days to be one of the principal penal settlements, and judging from the difficulty experienced by the little schooner to get there, we should be inclined to consider it as having been extremely well adapted for that purpose. The chances for escape would at least be very small as regards the unfortunate convict, but our own English trans-

portation thither has come to an end, and it is no longer viewed as a mere rocky prison. The mutineers of "The Bounty," who, it may be remembered, retired into private life on Pitcairn's Island, having, in the course of years, become so numerous as to be unable to find means of support from an island of only four miles and a half in circumference, have been lately transported to Norfolk Island.

Captain Fenton Aylmer tells us that in the year 1831 an unsuccessful attempt had previously been made to get them to settle on the Island Otaheiti. He says :—

"As might be supposed, these primitive and religious people did not understand the morals of their new home. At first they kept aloof, then some giving way, the others grew alarmed, and (having, we may add, lost twelve of their number through sickness), they determined to quit the scene of temptation. They petitioned government to be taken back to Pitcairn's, and greatly to their joy, the petition was granted.

“Again they were on the salt ocean, and soon upon their native soil. Nothing could exceed their joy and triumph; they ran about the hills like children, weeping tears of joy, and congratulating each other upon their escape from ‘the land of hell!’ Alas! their joy was of short continuance; one of the worst vices of civilization followed them, and in a short time after their return home, some of them began distilling rum! In vain did the older and wiser men remonstrate; they persisted in their design. It was at this moment that an extraordinary adventurer, calling himself Lord Hill, arrived. He professed to bring government authority to adjust the affairs of the island, and believing him, the islanders obeyed him scrupulously. During some time he remained in full possession, until the arrival of a ship of war, commanded by the son of the very man to whom he represented himself as a near relation. The *dénouement* came, but having no authority, Lord Russell very properly represented the case to his admiral, who

sent authority to bring off Mr. Hill, and thus free the islanders from a cruel and unjust persecution."

It is these interesting people who now inhabit Norfolk Island. They have been there for some five years, and with the best results, for they have not only put the buildings into excellent repair, cleared large portions of land, and commenced regular farming, but they have also started several whaling stations, which appear to pay well.

The Pitcairners paid a visit to the little schooner while she was toilfully beating round to the lee of the island. They came in a large whale boat, when the weather had begun to moderate. There were ten of them; fine, tall, athletic young men, very brown, and speaking rather a curious dialect of the English language. They enquired after the object of the Captain's visit, and obligingly offered their services, if needed, and gave every information about the

anchorage in Cascade Bay, as that little cove is pretentiously called.

The Captain asked them all on board, and—yes, we blush to have to record it—so far forgot himself as to offer them the very low beverage of rum, thinking to warm their chilled bodies and quench their thirst withal, after their laborious row in a drenching surf; but being politely informed that, though they were descendants from mutineers, yet they were to a man teetotallers, he immediately asked them to have tea with him, and eventually prevailed upon them to do so.

While they ate their biscuits and drank their coffee, the Captain mentioned that he was in want of fire-wood, and asked permission (since he was necessarily detained by the loss sustained through the breaking loose of the main boom) to land on their hospitable shores and collect a little fire-wood, whilst Charlie was employed in carpentering up and fixing on a new pair of jaws.

"Certainly," replied the chief of this decemvirate; "but your boat won't carry you through the surf, which beats heavily on the shore here."

"Dash my vorsted vig," replied old Harry; "if the boat von't carry us through, vhy me an' my mates vill just bare a hand and carry the boat through, old chap."

"Do you prefer this place to Pitcairn's Island?" asked the Captain.

"Our young men do, they are proud of it, and think it possesses many more resources than their former home; but the old people want to return to the home of their childhood, and see once more the friends and relations they have left behind them."

"Have any of you yet returned?"

"Yes, a few; and amongst others one old woman, who, they say, has made quite a disturbance at Pitcairn Island."

"'Winds, weapons, flame, make not such hurly-burly,
As a raving woman turns all topsy turvy.'"

“But what has this woman in particular done?”

“Why, when she and her husband and all of us left Pitcairn Island to come here, it was supposed by the authorities that we had, of course, abandoned all claim to such portions of it as then belonged to us, and so a re-distribution of the land took place amongst all those who remained. But this old woman was not satisfied with Norfolk Island; so that before her husband died, she got him to write a correctly drawn up will, bequeathing to her all his land in Pitcairn Island, in case she returned there.”

“And how will the Pitcairners act? Will they give her the land?”

“No; they think no former claim holds good after the abandonment of the whole.”

“Yes, I see; but they won't leave the poor old thing to starve, I suppose?”

“No; many of the islanders take the side of the widow.”

“And so there's a regular row about it. Who will decide the affair?”

"I can't say exactly ; but they say Moses Young, the governing magistrate, in order to stop all quarrelling among the islanders, has got them to consent to a settlement by arbitration, and that the Governor of New South Wales will probably be asked to decide upon it."

"What sort of a place is Pitcairn Island ? Don't you find it somewhat cold here?"

"Yes, we feel the cold much, and the boisterous wind more. Pitcairn Island is surrounded with reefs and rocks ; Bounty Bay is the only place for a vessel to anchor in. The coast is steep and rugged ; but the inside of the island is very beautiful, and very fertile, what little there is of it, for it's mostly volcanic. There is a great want of water there, which is its chief drawback ; there is a high hill fronting Bounty Bay, called St. Paul's. But we must wish you good night. Ho ! Solomon, haul up the boat alongside."

And with that they departed.

It was some time before the vessel dropped anchor in Cascade Bay. As she still lingered

along the coast, baffled both by the wind and strong current during that night and the following day, four of the islanders paid her a second visit in the whale boat, which this time was full of fire-wood.

"We've brought you some fire-wood," said one of them, catching hold of a rope which Harry had flung out to them.

"Thank you; I'm sure I'm much obliged to you. And yet I'm sorry you should have had so much trouble," replied the Captain.

"It's werry kind of you chaps to make us so 'ansome a present," added Harry.

"It's very cheap," said the Pitcairner.

"Yees," replied Harry, "it is werry cheap, considerin' as 'ow it's a lyin' all about the beach. I should say it vos dirt-cheap, I should."

"We'll sell it you for thirty shillings," said the Pitcairner.

"Vill yer now, really? Vell, now I calls that werry remarkably ceevil of you chaps, I must say."

"Will you have it?"

"Does yer take me for a jintleman as vonts to hease 'imself of his extra cash? No."

"My eye!" said Tony, "that's good; the idea of his taking you for a gentleman!"

"It's taken you four men, I should think," said the Captain, "about an hour's work to pitch that wood in the boat and to sail out here; so I'll offer you a couple of shillings apiece, but I couldn't give you more. Two shillings an hour's good pay, you know; that's eight shillings for the lot. Will you sell it for eight shillings?"

"No, thirty shillings; then you don't want any fire-wood at all, really?"

"The juice I don't," said Harry, angrily. "Yees, but I do vont any fire-wood really, an' 'ill give yer eight bob for it, or I'll get it myself."

"Bob?"

"Hold your tongue, Harry; don't be so hot with them."

"Aye, sir," said Bill; "what do they know

about the value of money? There's no use talking angrily to them."

"We don't want to buy your fire wood, my man, unless we can have it for eight shillings; so you may go, if that doesn't suit you," said the Captain.

But the Pitcairners would not go, pretending not to understand. After waiting patiently for some little time, Harry's face brightened up, and he continued,

"It's actions, an' not vords, vich these chaps understand; an' I'll shew 'em your vishes without hany more hargifyng. Here, you chaps! Vere's your fire-wood? 'and it hup, vill yer? I'll 'av the 'ole kit of it; d'yer 'ear me?"

The Pitcairners evidently understood this perfectly well, for they at once, with hearty good will, commenced lifting up the logs of wood to Harry, who leant over the vessel's side to receive them. Somehow or other, the logs of wood managed to slip through his fingers, just as he was placing them on deck. At first the islanders

did not appear to notice this curious accident; but when the logs began to fall overboard, nearer and nearer to the bows of their boat, so as to put it in considerable danger, they stopped short in their occupation, and stared at Harry with rather a disagreeable expression about the eyes. They ultimately withdrew, flinging the wood into the sea as they rowed slowly back to Cascade Bay; into which little cove the Captain soon after followed them, anchoring there for the night.

CHAPTER V.

THE HURRICANE.

THE fourth of May found the crew all busily engaged, as the weather was evidently moderating. Two of them went ashore to collect firewood, venturing boldly and successfully through the heavy surf. The Pitcairners were perfectly friendly, notwithstanding the little rebuff they had experienced from Harry ; they purchased a quantity of tobacco and some pipes from the captain ; meanwhile, Charlie fixed on the main-boom a pair of extra strong jaws, also a guy-rope was attached to it, so

as to prevent the occurrence of a similar catastrophe. Tony caught a large quantity of fish, which seemed tolerably abundant. At noon the Captain bade the islanders farewell, and weighed anchor. They made considerable progress that day and the next; but on the sixth instant they fell in with bad weather, and after having been struck by a spray, which nearly stove in her boat, they began to make serious preparations to meet the coming gale in the best way they could.

Charlie having manufactured a storm stay-sail out of a spitfire jib, they now set it and balance-reefed the main-sail. Having taken in the other sails, she shewed scarcely any canvas at all; just a white feather in her tail behind, while on her fore-gear a small triangular shaped pocket handkerchief alone was spread. They nailed down the main-hatches, placed the boat amid-ships, surrounded by the topmasts, which were unshipped, together with the square-sail yard, and placed so as to afford the boat some little protection; they then lashed the handle of the tiller

firmly to the stanchion on the lee-quarter, and went below to have a spell, as it is termed in sailor phraseology—*i. e.*, to smoke, tell stories, and watch the barometer.

Occasionally, the captain poked his head through the companion-door, to admire the way in which the little vessel behaved. The night had rapidly advanced, but in the vivid flashes of lightning the huge seas could be seen rolling past her with astonishing velocity, as she jauntily danced over them. Her bluff bows made her rise to the angry foam, instead of cutting through it, so that scarcely any water found its way on deck. She was so small that the seas had scarcely volume enough to hit her very hard; or if they did, she merely leant over on one side, lifting up the other, like a shield, to ward off and turn aside the blow. She was so light that she recovered herself instantly; and so obedient to her helm, that if she fell off for a moment from the wind she shook herself lightly and came up again, ready prepared to meet the next mountain of foam,

and to slip over it like a living creature. All, in fact, admitted that she behaved "like a little duck."

The next day broke dismally enough; the gale had gradually grown into a hurricane; the sky seemed blacker, and the sea more angry than ever; but the crew soon found they had other things to attend to than to observe the appearance of the weather. Some of the lashings round the main-sail had given way, and the canvas itself was near getting adrift, during its violent struggles to free itself from its fastenings. It had, owing to the fury of the gale, just the appearance of being rotten, requiring the most delicate handling, otherwise it would have gone to pieces. With all their skill, they could not avoid the occurrence of several great rents; however, they secured it at last, and having renewed the fastenings of the storm stay-sail, and examined all the lashings on deck, they scrambled down the companion in bodily fear lest they should be pitched overboard.

The atmosphere below was by no means pleasant, but they made light of it, refreshing it with tobacco smoke, and themselves with biscuit, cold salt pork, and a nobbler of rum, which the Captain served to all hands. At such times a pipe is a great luxury; so they smoked and speculated as to where they were going.

"But in which direction, then, are we going," asked Tony, "if the current carries her to the west, the wind to the north, and the seas knock her head round easterly? Can't you calculate the direction of her drift, Captain?"

"Oh! yes," said the Captain; "don't you bother yourself about it. It's all simple enough to those that understand it."

"D-don't y-you see, y-you d-darned y-young f-fool, that b-being h-hequally carried to the three p-points of the c-compass, she m-must sail t-to the f-fourth point. It's the only one l-left her—it's the only one l-left her."

"None of your humbug, Charlie. There are thirty-two points in the compass."

"Y-you c-cursed y-young ass. I'm s-speaking of the m-most p-principal p-points. It's a t-tarnation l-long c-calculation; b-but h-her d-drift is, I guess, s-straight to the—"

"Devil!" put in the Captain. "No, we must trust to our eyes now, till we make land, Charlie, and that's a fact; unless you can conjure up for me a chronometer all alive from the sea."

"Vot vill you do, sir, if this lasts?" said Harry.

"Well, all I can do is to make two calculations for our longitude. One on the supposition that we are influenced by the great equatorial current; and the other, that we have got into a counter drift, and so keep clear of dangers on both courses, at night. But we must keep a sharp look out till we make land."

"Are ve haukudly sitivated, sir?"

"Well, yes, rather. If we are to the west of New Caledonia we are in an extremely dangerous position, for on one side of us are the reefs that run along that coast, while on the other side there

are the Bellona Reefs, and several sand banks and rocks, all marked P. D. (position doubtful) on the chart."

"And when are we going to sight land, I should like to know?" said Tony. "Why we might sail to China, and never see a single island."

"No fear of that, my good fellow, for as soon as ever I get two or three islands on the same line of latitude, I'll run down my longitude till I make land."

"You can always find your latitude, then?"

"Of course he can," said Bill; "hasn't the Captain got a sextant? But what's the good of speculation? Let us see how this hurricane will turn out first. I'm afeard of her helm, sir, mostly. When she ducks her nose into it, the seas come such a rap against it."

"Aye! they do so," said Harry. "I'd recommend you to trim her close in the vind, sir. She'd carry her helm amidships, I don't doubt."

"You're right," said the Captain; "let's do so at once, before we turn in."

This little manœuvre, which probably saved them their rudder, was quickly executed.

On their return to the cabin, Tony having asked Bill what could be done if the helm was carried away, a discussion ensued as to the best way of remedying such an accident.

Charlie declared that once, when off the coast of Chili, he had sailed four hundred miles in a vessel that had been pooped by a sea, and thus lost her rudder.

"W-we sank a s-sail, w-with a central spar astern, and h-had a guy rope to each end of the s-spar, carried amidships, to steer by," said he.

"Aye, a drogue would answer well enough," said the Captain; "but it would be slow work. "That was off Chili, was it? What sort of a place is Chili, Charlie?"

"It's a p-precious r-rum p-place that, I guess. But whatever it is, it's a t-tarnation good place f-for coasting vessels. I r-remember, sir, a sort of a t-trick, practised by a p-parcel of shell-backs, or, rather, Yankee loafers; for, if it was

them that practised the t-trick, it was us as gained by it. It happened at a shanty, and me and a l-lot of my mates, w-was there. W-well, up comes f-four or f-five of them l-loading Yankees, and one on 'em said to another on 'em, 'Can't y-you show us, now, one o' your clever tricks?' 'Yes,' said the other on 'em, 'I knows a first-rate 'un, and I'll show it y-you, if the marster 'll give us glasses round in something strong.' 'Done,' said the shanty-keeper. 'If it's a rale good 'un, and no mistake, I'll stand you in nobblers.' 'Have yer, then, got a cask of good w-wine d-down b-below, mister?' said he; 'f-for I calculates I can't show you the t-trick unless y-yer has.' 'Aye, that I has, stranger. C-come down, an' see for yourself.' 'Y-yer the sort o' chap I like to s-see, I does,' says he. 'Come d-down all of y-yer, and see this byer treck of m-mine w-with the w-wine; it'll stonish y-yer out of all c-conception, I guess. And d-down they all w-went into the cellar. But, sir, m-me and m-my m-mates quietly

s-slipped up again ; having, in fact, t-tipped each other a score of w-winks, during that 'ere l-long r-rigmyrole ; and so, w-whilst them chaps w-were d-down in the cellar, m-me and my m-mates jest helped ourselves in the shop above, and f-finished off ivery m-mortal d-drop of spirituous s-stuff as m-me and m-my m-mates could clap our eyes on, and then we all hooked it away on board s-ship. But, sir, them 'ere Yankee chaps w-were a p-parcel of t-twisters and n-no m-mistake. W-what d-do y-you think them chaps w-were up to along with the store keeper, down in that cellar ?”

“ Tie him down, to be sure, and finish off his wine,” said the Captain. “ Not such a bad yarn that, Charlie.”

“ N-no, sir, it w-warn't that. The b-boy t-told me that w-when they w-was all down, and the shanty keeper h-had showed them a b-big cask of s-superior sherry w-wine, this Yankee chap said, ‘ N-now y-er see this hyer b-big gimblet ; I m-makes one hole hyer, out of which 'll come

brandy. So n-now, m-mister, y-you just shove y-your ugly f-fist in that ar hole to keep the liquor from absquatulating. And now,' says he, 'I makes another hole hyer, for the gin, on the opposite side, so. There, mister, jist reach over yer other f-fist, and shove it in this h-hole, too. Quick, yer darned fool, or yer'll lose ivery drop of yer dirty sherry. There my boys, that ar's my treek. W-we'll l-leave the old fool a b-bung-ing up, w-with his two f-fistusses, the b-best w-wine he's got, while w-we'll just m-mount aloft, and f-finish off his s-stuff f-for him. C-come along and d-drink his 'elth.' B-but y-you see, sir, as 'ow we had been b-before hand with him—as 'ow we had been b-before hand with him."

This story was much applauded by them all, and especially by the Captain, who was somewhat anxious to keep up the spirits of his men. He even gave Charlie an extra nobbler of rum, by encouragement, saying that spinning a good yarn was dry work, knowing that the effect produced would

be to promote a desire on the part of the others to tell some more stories, in hopes of getting the extra rum.

Bill was the first who took the bait. He told a story of how he had once fallen in with a lot of regular low cads at Auckland, who had discovered a remarkably simple and efficacious mode of gaining their livelihood.

The plan was this. One of them having provided himself with a piece of bees-wax, went to an eating-house, and, having ordered a dinner, quietly stuck all the forks and spoons near him underneath the table, by means of the bees-wax, and then hurriedly walked up to the waiter, paid for his dinner, and beat a hasty retreat. Directly after, his friend sauntered in, and of course found the waiter in a great state of excitement, swearing that the last comer had stolen a quantity of spoons and forks. The friend, however, affected to disbelieve all this, and, chaffing the waiter, made him count over the spoons and forks remaining on the table, adding that he would not

subject himself to any like suspicions, sat down to dinner, occupying the very place from which his friend had dined. During dinner he cautiously pocketed all the forks and spoons that were stuck up with bees-wax, under the table; he then, making the waiter count those that were on the table, paid and walked quietly away, without being in the least suspected.

“Come, Harry,” said the Captain, “be a good fellow, for once in your life, and give us an account of yourself. You must have seen some strange things in your life, I should think.”

“Vell, sir, I don't mind if I does, jist to vile away the time a bit. Ven I vos a bwoy, I vent amidships to von on 'em Cape de Werd Islands, and I vos 'Shanghaed' from there by a reg'lar out-an'-out slaver. The master of 'er vos, I suppose, short of 'ans, for he offered so much a 'ed for 'ans; so, in coors, some o' the land-sharks soon began a cruising among the Shanties, and smelt me an' some others out. Having re-dooed us all to a condition of down right hin-

toxikation, they brought us all aboard, an' pocketed a reg'lar 'andsome bonus for their arter-noon's vork. This 'Shanghaing' dodge is a deal more commoner than folkes commonly thinks. I heerd of its being practised once on a parson, but vether he vos sewn up by the quantity of speerits he'd drunk, or vether it vos previousli drug'd, I niver could diskiver."

"Don't abuse the parsons, Harry. I observe people like you are very fond of doing so."

"Vell, no sir; not if you vishes it. But leastvays, them chaps are somevot foolish like out here, an' it's better to make fun of 'em than to make fun o' the Bible, sir, as that cove Sam vos always a doing so."

"Sam did say some queer things, now and then; but he didn't purposely make fun of the Bible. He really meant what he said, and didn't see anything funny in what he said himself."

"Vell, sir, I'm sure I can't say as to that. He vos werry sly. I recommember a story he told me about a missionary vot had told the natives to

become Christians and to be baptized, an' then had told 'em about Elijah a calling down the fire from 'eaven, vich consumed his burnt offering, vile them Priests of Baal vere a cutting of 'em-selves to pieces with knives. Vell," said he, "the natives vos werry attentive, an' arter he had finished his jaw, their chief proposes to make up two great piles of firewood and to shove the missionary on the top of the one, an' 'imself on the other, and then to set fire to 'em both, and then they swears quite serious that they vill all be baptized perwided the missionary don't get burnt; but they 'opes he von't hobject to being eaten, if he do begins to roast."

"And the missionary didn't see it, I suppose."

"But do you think he ought to have stood the trial?" said Bill.

"Yes, I do, me bwoy, if he vos a rale true priest of God."

"You don't think that the white man is himself a standing miracle to the savages, and that

if he acted rightly they would believe him, because of his greater intelligence?" said the Captain.

"I thinks he vos called upon, then, to stand fire. Lord! sir, I've seed people saved by vot can't be called haccidents, afore now."

"Well, but go on with your story—about yourself, I mean."

"I forgets now vere I vos ven I vent adrift. You mustn't hinterrupt me, if you wants me to spin you yarns."

"Why, you were saying you had been Shanghaed on to a slave ship," said Tony, who was cleaning the binnacle lamp.

"Aye—so I vor. Vell, Captain, I speaks from hexperience—from hexperience, sir—ven I tells you, as a solemn fact, that there ain't no mortal thing on 'arth 'arf so damnable delightful 'as going to sleep, a feeling yourself all cozy an' comfortable from the speerits you've been a drinking, and a havaking in the morning with a cussed 'edach, and with a big coone a stanning over you with a belaying pin in his 'and, a hexplaining to

you hall the carcumstances as to 'ow you shipped, and a hinforming of you the dooties you've now got to perform. Vell, sir, I vos a good bit knocked about by the warious parties on board that same craft; so von fine morning, thinking as 'ow I couldn't possibly get into a vorser berth, and having the hopportunity so for to do, I gives 'em the slip, and gets on board an American vailer. Rayther a startlin' hincident hoccurred to me at that 'ere time. A vale 'avin been seen by the man at the look out, three boats vere 'mediately lowered into the vater, an' the men vos all told hoff into 'em. The Captain himself vent in von on 'em boats, leaving the first mate in charge of the ship. I vos in von on 'em myself, a pulling an hoer. As ve got nearer to the vale ve hob-served 'er lifting up her tail hall right as she took a duck into the sea, so ve knowed as ow she vos of a sort as vos vell vorth having. The boats hall separated each from the t'other, and ve vere all heagerly a vatching the vater, for ve knowed she'd come up agin to the sarface soon. Vile ve

vere all a straining our hies an' looking hout for the first hindications of her vereabouts, von o' the chaps gives a teerific 'owl an' directly arter-'ards I finds myself a travelling uppards through the hair like a cricket ball. The vale, sir, had come up right unnerneath us, and the boat vos completely stoved in. Many of the men vere that stunned by the blow, sir, that they vent down niver to happear no more. Von of the boats pulled hoff to our rescue, vile the t'other foller'dup the vale. They soon crawled close to her stern, and the harpoon vos got 'andy. The Captain 'imself flung it, an' with a mighty korrekt aim, too, for it 'addent no sooner struck her than down she vent agin right unnerneath, and Lord, sir! away vent that leetle vale-boat a spinnin arter her, gun'ales under, towed along by the line vich vos attached to the 'arpoon. A quarter of a hour arterwards she rose hup agin to the sarfice, an' then 'the flurry,' as ve calls it, began. The vale had been bleeding profusely hall the 'ole time in 'er hinternals ; but, sir, she meant to keek

up a bit of a dust, she did, in the vater afore she keek'd the bucket. Good God! sir, 'ow she did lash the vater into foam with her tail, all the time a blowing hout her blood like red smoke. It vos a grand sight, truli. I should think the rage of them beeg bulls at a Spanish bull-fight weren't nothing to the fury of a dying vale. Vell, sir, it vos soon hall over, and she turned herself bottom uppards; and now ve vere just thinking about towing her beeg carkase halongside of the ship, ven ve hoberved as 'ow the ship had clean gone away. She vos no vere to be seen. Great vos the consternation of the captain, to be sure, an' werry much wexed he vos to find it so; 'owsomever, he knowed it vos the first mate's doing, concerning whom he had afore had some suspectings, an' so he guessed as 'ow it varn't of no use vot-ever to wait for her. He dewided the provisions between the boats, and cut out the vale's tongue, vich is dooced good eating, sir, an' he tells us to set sail for the nearest pint of land, vich 'appened for to be the Clarence River on the Horsetralian

coast, and vich vos some two hundred miles hoff, in a nor-vesterly direction. Ve all prayed for fair vether, but, sir, who ever 'eard of things 'ap-pening as ve vonts 'em. Venever you see the passingers a packing hup at the hend of a long vige, you may be quite sure a foul vind vill spring up an' keep 'em out of port for a week or ten days. The helements his spiteful, sir, vich no von can't deny. And so afore werry long ve 'ad a reg'lar gale a sweeping right down upon us; luckily it came from abaft, an' helped us along a beet. The boat in vich I sat vos steered by a young chap as vosn't accustom'd to the 'andling of a steer-hoar, but it being as 'ow he vos hour third mate, ve letted him 'ave his vay. Some o' the old uns growled at 'im a few; and, as it tarned hout, they vos in the rights of it, for he shortli arterwards let her broach-to in the trough of a sea, and a spray caught 'er and tarned her clean over. Hin a moment ve vos hall a swiming about; some a holding on to her keelson, an' some vere hoff to the tother boat, vich, seeing

hour disaster, 'ad turned 'er 'ed round to help us. There vos von Canaka chap, ha Sandwich Islander, whose name vos Jupiter; he caughted 'old of the compass ven she capsized, an' I seed him a sviming hoff to the captain's boat, 'olding the compass in his left 'and. The captain he wouldn't let him, or any of 'em get in 'is boat, being afeared lest so many on 'em hall a trying for to get in together, with the heavy seas on, would capsize him too. So he tells 'em they must jist swim back agin, an' try to right their hown boat. So they svims back, hall;—'cepting old Jupiter, who begins a cussing an' a swearing awful at the captain, an' then axes 'im for the course to the Clarence river, vich the cap'n gives 'im—'Nor-vest and by vest-half-vest,' says he. Veil, sir, ve all tryes hard for to right the boat, an' the cap'n he tells us 'ow to do it, an' in harf a hour's time ve righted 'er, an' then I got in her fust—for I was but a buoy—to bale her hout. Soon another gets in, as ve rids 'er of 'er vorter, an' then another, till ve're all in 'er again. Ve

finds her hoers, an' her mast, an' sails, but we can't see nothing of the compass, nor of ole Jupiter; so ve resoom'd our course in the vake of the captain's boat. Arter some time I heerd the cap'n a hollering out for'ard to get the small 'arpoon 'andy, 'for,' says he, 'there's a beeg porpoise right a 'ed;' but as he comes up, he sees as 'ow it varnt no porpoise at all—but would you believe it, sir?—it vos old Jupiter'imself, a steering his course quite correct-like to the Clarence river, with the compass in his left 'and, hand composedly enough he vos a doing it. The skipper axed 'im vot the h—l he vos a doing there; an he turned his beeg 'ed round as cool as pickled sauman, an' replied, 'Niver yer moind, yer old thief.' So the Cap'n he sails past 'im; but when old Ju. sees the tother boat a follerin' he hails 'er and gets in. The next day ve vos taken on to Sydney in a cutter as ve fell in vith. Them's von o' my adwentures. I'll trouble you for a nobbler of rum, Captain; it's werry dry vork talking with all this smoke in the hair. Give us that tin

cup ven you've finished a filling up that oil feeder, Tony."

"Here you are. Dash it! there goes all the oil."

"I'll tell you what, Harry, you've got a powerful developement of the imaginative faculty."

"A vot, sir? It's all gospel true vot I've been a telling of you—it's a rale fact; but dash my vorsted vig if I can't tell yer another fact. All our lamp oil's adrift—I'm hanged if it isn't all hover the hold. Vat d'yer mean by it, Tony?—no oil for the binnacle lamp!"

Tony, while listening to the story and feeding the lamp, had forgotten to put the cork in the canister of oil, the whole of which had, from the movement of the ship, silently streamed down into the hold, adding materially to the already overpowering odours which floated in the confined air.

The glass now began to rise, and with it the hurricane seemed to grow wilder and wilder. The

night that followed was grand in the extreme ; it was making its culminating effort, and the crew at one time scarcely expected the little vessel would live through it. As she came down, plunging her bows deep into the mighty walls of water that came charging like a perpetually recurring column of cavalry, one after the other, against her, her masts came down with a bang upon her keelson, so heavily as almost to stave a hole through her bottom, or working backwards and forwards, continued to slacken the standing rigging till at length they seemed to be supported in their places solely by the strength of the backstays, the tackles of which the crew had to be incessantly hauling upon. Fortunately, a little before sun-rise the rain began to fall in torrents, putting down the sea, and soon the wind began sensibly to abate, and that so rapidly that at noon the Captain determined to sail her again under close-reefed main-sail, fore-sail, and stay-sail, with Charlie and Bill lashed on either side of the tiller to the quarter stanchions, to steer her. At

night, however, they hauled to the wind, as a matter of prudence.

The next morning the weather had completely cleared up, and so little wind was there that they had to set the square-sail in addition to the other sails, in order to catch every impinging particle of air that fell in their way. And now was the moment of real danger. If the wind died away much more, would they be able to keep her right before the heavy seas? which about once in every half hour, amid the smooth mountains of oil, would come, three in succession, one after the other, with high white crests, pursuing each other, and rushing and tumbling along. Then it was the duty of the man at the tiller to keep her "stern on," for if she had formed any other than a right angle to these tumbling mountains, she would have turned her side to the avalanche of water, which, falling with the force of many tons weight, would have crushed her like an egg-shell, or at least swept her decks clear in a moment. More ships are probably lost at these times—viz.,

in calms occurring soon after violent storms—than are ever lost during their fury. Indeed, inattention during these seductive calms is so natural to the man steering her. It was most fortunate that the little schooner had been provided with her large square-sail; its light, thin, calico material allowed it to fill with air, the weight of which drew her along, where the other thick canvas sails flapped idly and uselessly backwards and forwards.

The only damage sustained during the hurricane was the rending in several places of the main-sail and the loss of the lamp-oil; the former could not be remedied till they got to land, though they sewed a “stop” on to it here and there to prevent the splits from running; the latter Harry proposed to remedy by catching a shark, from whose liver, he said, good oil could be obtained. He, therefore, baited the shark-hook, and kept it handy for immediate use, but none of these ferocious creatures made their appearance.

During the three following days they had a fine moderate breeze from the south-east, which carried them down north at the rate of some six knots an hour.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FAIR WEATHER SCENE.

THE sun rose in a cloudless sky on the morning of the thirteenth. It was Sunday. Scarce a breath of wind. Everything was so calm and tranquil that one could hear the reef points fall, pattering on the sails, as the vessel slowly leant over from one side to the other, while the scarcely perceptible swell of the ocean silently glided under her, and passed away into the far distance.

But if the inorganic world was thus asleep, it was far otherwise as regards the organic creation of God ; for here the flying fish were leaping up in all directions, hotly pursued by innumerable birds of various colours and sizes.

Languidly round about the vessel, the large brown booby sailed, and wistfully it gazed on her yards and gaffs, which seemed to it to have been conveniently placed there as perches for its sole use and accommodation. Silly booby, but not more silly than yon, human booby, who regards the world—aye, and the universe itself—as if created solely for the pleasure and convenience of himself and species. Oh ! silly booby, ere you resume your wandering course (wandering like the unstable life of man), from one point of a kenless horizon to another, pause, for a moment, in your lazy flight, to watch the loudly screaming eaglet, as he circles about, or the raven hued “Man of War’s hawk,” with his blood red bill, as he stays, poised high in mid-air, about to dart down on some silvery flying fish, that

springs up through the sun beams, like an electric stream, to meet him. Pause, oh! booby, in your wandering flight; if it is only to be sometimes teased by those swift little forked-tailed petrels, who, apparently, have chosen the tops of these gentle waves in which to lave their pretty pink feet. Pause! if only to be scared almost into fits, you ridiculous booby, by the rapid flight of the beautiful tropic bird, called by sailors "the bos'un," on account of its fine tail feather, pointed and gleaming like the bright steel marline spike which the boatswains of ships carry behind them, suspended to their belts.

The captain had taken the helm after breakfast, and, for the first time during the voyage, his meerschaum was not glued to his lips; perhaps he found the peaceful scene so much like a real paradise, that he saw no further use of that potent weed, through whose influence the smoker transports himself to a fool's paradise.

Harry was up aloft, scanning the horizon with the glass, in the hope of seeing land, which he

affirmed to be close at hand, since the booby never travels far from his island home.

Tony, however, who was preparing dinner, suddenly attracted universal attention, by loudly exclaiming,

“There goes a shark on the weather quarter, and a regular rattler he is, too.”

Down came old Harry from the square sail yard, on which he had been sitting astride. Up came the other watch—Charlie and Bill—who every one thought were fast asleep below.

The pork-baited shark hook was flung out astern, and the eyes of all watched eagerly every movement of the fierce looking monster, so much coveted by them now, on account of the oil they hoped to extract from his liver.

“Yes, we shall have him; see, he’s passing astern.”

“He’s cotched sight on it, sir.”

“No—yes, by Jove! you’re right; he sees it.”

“Look out! He’s on the hook, sir, tight enough.”

"Now, haul him in, close alongside. Gently there; that's you."

"You can't haul him over her side with that bit of a string, Tony. Here, pass it through this bow line," said Harry, who had made a running noose on the end of the main-sheet.

"So, that's you; pull his head through the noose."

"He's fast enough; now, bear a hand there, and up with him on deck. Shove yer dog down in the cabin, Captain, or he'll get his head bit clean off."

"Hang the dog; he won't hurt. Got the axe, Charlie? Ah! that's right, Bill."

"Ram it well down his ugly jaws. What teeth! He's a powerful brute, but he can't bite through that handspike."

"S-s-stand out of the way. It t-takes a g-good blow to cut through his t-tail w-with an axe."

"Your knife's got a keen edge, Harry. I

didn't think you could slit him open so easy as that," said Tony. "Why! is that his heart?"

"Vy, yees; that's 'is 'art man,, and this 'ere's 's liver, vich you just take now, an' slice hup as small as you knows 'ow, an' boil it slow, in fresh vorter, mind you, and then skim hoff the hoil as it rises to the top."

"Shove him overboard, and wash decks. We'll have things clean on Sundays, at all events."

"Why! look," said Tony, "the poor brute still lives. He's plunging about, and swimming all round the ship, looking for his heart and liver. Shoot at him, Captain."

"No, no, I tells you. There ain't no good doing that. You couldn't kill him if you vos to cut 'im into mince meat. Vy, dash my vorsted vig! if you doesn't find his 'art all alive to-morrow. Jist look at it a throbbing. The vurst vish I could vish my greatest henemy would be that he might be like a shark, vot von can cut

hup into any number of leetle suffering batoms."

"And what if each atom was to live for ever, Harry?"

"Oh! Lord, sir, it's too awfu' to think upon, an' makes me that melancholy; but do you think, sir, that—that 'ere 'art is raally alive?"

"Well, I hope that the shark is only as much alive as is his heart. They say there is a nervous ganglia in the centre of the heart, that makes its auricles and ventricles contract and dilate alternately."

In fact, for some hours afterwards, the heart continued its rythmic pulsations, and then the dog caught sight of it, and snapped it up and swallowed it at a gulp. We may add that ever afterwards he was subject to fits, which old Harry averred arose not from the increasing heat of the weather, as said the Captain, but simply from the living shark's heart, which he had thus too incautiously swallowed.

In the meantime, the eyes of the crew were

attracted by the noise of a violent splashing astern of them, which proved to be the poor shark, who, being still alive (if we may so term existence, when minus both heart and liver) was now attacked by several other sharks, who, having hearts, were, perhaps, moved by the phil-sharkable motive of putting their brother out of his misery, or else, having livers, were urged on by the cannibal propensities of their race to devour an imperfectly protected morsel of quivering flesh.

A light breeze sprung up and carried them away from the revolting scene. At noon their position as regards latitude was 19° S. As regards longitude, by one calculation they were about sixty miles to the north east of Avon Island; while, by another, they were not very far from the Island of Erronan.

The Captain steered a course, therefore, by which they would be pretty sure to make either one island or the other, on the following morning.

A little before sunset, Harry mounted aloft on the square sail yard, and anxiously examined the western horizon, towards which they were sailing.

Soon after, the Captain joined him with the glass.

"Don't you see nothing, sir?"

"No."

"Vot's that?"

"Why! do you see anything like land?"

"I can't see land, sir; but, leastways, I can see its reflecion in that 'ere cloud."

"Where, man? What do you mean?"

"There, sir, you're a looking at it now—right a head, a leetle to the south of the sun."

"What, that cloud? Oh, I see what you mean. Well—yes—upon my word, it does look a little like some great rocky mountain; but it's nothing but the shape of the cloud, man. Clouds often look like that."

"No, sir, they don't."

"What are you up to now, Harry?"

"Vell, sir, that cloud don't look at all natural like. You may be sure there's land some'ut of that shape under it, only it's too far off for to see. It's below the horizon, sir, a long way off."

"A very long way, indeed, I should think. I shouldn't like to trust to that slight resemblance."

"Slight, you calls it, does you;" and Harry deliberately took of his cap, and pitched it overboard, just to show how much offended he felt at the Captain's scepticism.

"Port your helm, and fish up Harry's cap, if you can there; he can't afford to lose it."

Bill fished it up.

"I assure you, sir, that 'ere's land," continued Harry, as he sulkily followed the Captain down the rigging. "That 'ere is no slight zemblance; it's a 'eavenly picture of the blessed land beneath—it's a sort of a photograph, sir."

"Is it?" said the Captain.

"I vonce saw a cloud that looked a leetle like

a ship ; and the next day, sure enough, we passed her a coming right from that werry direction ; an' the skipper, he didn't call it a slight zemblance, he didn't. No, sir, he called it a werry zemblence, he did."

"Ah! a vere semblance, or vrai-semblance, perhaps. Was he a Frenchman?"

"Vell, yes, he vos ; but he could speak English, he could, just a few. Is that French, sir?"

"Yes, I believe it's the word they sometimes use to express what we call a mirage."

"And what's that, sir?"

"It's a double image of an island or ship, or anything else in the air. One image is in the natural position, but the other is inverted. It looks as though the thing itself were up in the air, and was reflected in water beneath ; only, of course, the reflection is up in the air, too."

"That's just it, sir. They're invariably to be seen in these seas, whenever land is anywhere about, at sun-down ; and, sir, I've noticed there are

always two zemblances, as you say, of the land, and that the lower is always bottom upparads, vile the upper von stands on its legs, in a rasonable vay. I suspects ve're too fur off to see both on 'em to-night. My eye! sir, vot a vonderful sunset it is!"

The sun, setting in the western sky, amid a gorgeous canopy of aërial blood, cast on the purple sea a stream of molten gold, glowing with heat, at the edges, into coloured jewellery; and straight along this pathway of resplendent glory, which led right into the heart of the crimson, flaming sun, the little schooner glided, flinging aside from her bows diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, of indescribable beauty.*

* "It is a curious thing," says Dr. Maury, "this influence of islands, in the trade-wind region, upon the clouds of the Pacific. Every navigator of that ocean has often turned with wonder and delight, to admire the gorgeous piles of cumuli, heaped up and arranged in the most delicate and exquisitely beautiful masses that it is possible for fleecy matter to assume.

"Not only are these cloud piles found capping the hills among the islands, but they are often seen to over-hang the lowest islet of the tropics, and even to stand above coral patches and hidden reefs - 'a cloud by day,' to serve as a beacon to the lonely mariner out there at sea, and to warn him of shoals and dangers, which no lead, nor seaman's eye, has ever seen, or sounded out.

"These clouds, under favourable circumstances, may be seen gathering above the coral islands, and performing their office in preparing it for vegetation and fruitfulness, in a very striking manner."

The stillness, which seemed so in harmony with the scene, was only broken by the lighting of the binnacle lamp, which once more burnt brightly in the cabin, well supplied with shark-oil, and illumined the transparent compass-card which was affixed to the cabin-hatch above.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ARRIVAL.

NEXT morning, the 14th of May, 1866, the schooner sighted a small island bearing S.W. ten miles, and as the sun rose higher, two others could be seen in the distance.

The Captain having set down their relative positions, and taken their bearings, decided that they were approaching the Island of Erronan—one of the New Hebrides group of islands, close to the Island of Tana.

It bore a striking resemblance to the cloud

pointed out by Harry on the previous evening, and its features were sufficiently marked when at a distance of six miles to prove beyond question the existence of the phenomenon they had witnessed.

As the vessel sailed nearer and nearer its shores, all on board her were astonished at the singular variety of scenery presented in so small a compass; for, unlike the low sandy islands which abound in the Pacific, this one had risen from the sea, a naked rock—the consequence of some volcanic action. In shape it was something of a square, whose sides certainly did not extend above five miles in length. Along one side of this square there arose in a straight line a rugged mountain, like a mighty wall of rock, reaching to a height of fifteen hundred feet, all cracked and ruined by many a subterraneous commotion, causing its surface to present a strangely antiquated appearance. Great uncouth holes and cavernous openings tortured into various forms the red conglomerate rock of which it was com-

posed ; but here and there some of these mighty rents had, by the decaying influence of time, become covered with a thin coat of mould, for they were sometimes partially concealed by the wondrous exuberance of the rich tropical vegetation.

Against this rugged back-ground of solid rock there lay two or three softly swelling hills, with sloping valleys undulating slowly between them, leading down, step by step, to the margin of the coast, the whole being clothed with exquisite foliage. There were patches of sugar cane, natural plantations of yams, sweet potatoes, tara, and tobacco. There were groves of cocoa nut palms, waving their plumes in the wind, and dropping their fruit at their feet, while rising up to meet them stood many a plantain and banana, holding his green and golden pods to ripen in the sun.

The whole scene conveyed the impression of a loveliness almost too exquisite for one to appreciate fully. Are you familiar with continental tropical

scenery? Then imagine a part of it cut off, uprooted, and transplanted to the bosom of the blue Pacific, where, amidst coral reefs, and sunken rocks, it breaks, and flings its waters up into a wreath of snow white foam, as it were, a halo of surf. Thus this gem of the sea appeared—set in a silver border, on a liquid ground of sparkling sapphire.

But the Captain was compelled to use his glass for the more practical purpose of looking out for the best anchorage it afforded. He perceived two small bays. One was on its north-east shore, well protected by a coral reef running out for some distance into the sea, while the other, which was further up the coast, on the north shore, more particularly engaged his attention.

“Ease off the sheets, and haul aft that weather brace. We’ll run into the bay on the north shore. They’ve signalled us there by lighting a fire.”

“Hallo! By Jove!”

“What’s up now, Tony?”

"There's a lot of canoes behind that rock yonder."

"Well, when we get nearer in, we'll shove up the Union Jack, and fire off a few rounds from a rifle, just to show them that we can singe their beards if we like."

"N-no, n-not on the main p-peak, you cussed young f-fool. They'd h-have t-to l-look through t he s-square sail else to see it. Hoist it on the f-fore-top, man—on the f-fore-top, man."

"That's right. Now, Tony, you can fire away at the sun, and as fast as you like, too."

"Them chaps are reg'lar savages, sir—perfectly naked, and as vild-looking as Cannibals, ivery bit. 'Ow do you like your new chums, Bill, eh? 'Opes you'll suit one another, I'm sure. They're forming a sort of a hirregular line at the back of that rock, sir. Vy, they've got fire-harms, too, I thinks."

"Well; wait till one of them gets on board. You know the trick. We'll make them respect us from the first, at all events, eh, Harry. I'll

remain aft with Bill, and try to speak them. All of you go forward. Here they come! Well, we've got a good breeze to get out of their way, if we don't like them. You've got your instructions—mind you keep to them. Now, look out!"

The schooner was immediately surrounded by some fifty small canoes, each containing two or three naked savages. They came paddling along, shouting and jabbering. The only intelligible word uttered was "'bacco," and whenever they used it they invariably held up cocoa nuts, sugar-cane, or branches of fruit, or fish. They were armed with guns, bows and arrows, axes, tomahawks, and clubs; but yet seemed perfectly friendly.

All on board the schooner maintained a profound silence, and apparently scarcely noticed the excited natives, who, from their canoes, clung round the sides of the vessel, till Charlie, having patiently waited, without moving a muscle of his countenance, till one of them had nearly succeeded

in climbing over the vessel's side, suddenly sprang forward, and exerting all his strength, wrenched him from the ropes to which he was clinging, and flung him backwards a couple of yards or more into the sea. The yell of horror which burst from the lips of the unfortunate native was feebly echoed by his dusky companions; but a loud hearty laugh rose simultaneously from the crew as they saw the canoes, like a flock of sheep suddenly startled by the appearance of a vicious dog, all turn sharp round and paddle away towards the rock. Presently, however, they all stopped, hearing those on board still pleasantly laughing, and turned round to stare, when, seeing their comrade swimming after them, they picked him up, and slowly withdrew.

"Vilet 'em niggars har a sulking, von't you take in some sail, sir? Ve 'ad better give 'em a leetle time by going in slow," suggested old Harry.

"Yes," replied the Captain. "Up with the

tack of the mainsail, and you may scandalise it, too, and furl all except the jib. Now, let's have breakfast, Tony ; it's ready, I suppose ?"

During breakfast the canoes gradually approached the schooner, probably to have a look at them eating. At the conclusion of the meal several had crept up close to her side. Tony having poured himself out one last cup of coffee, drank it down slowly, with an unctuous expression of the most unmitigated enjoyment, pausing occasionally to smack his lips, or to pat himself deliciously on the stomach. The natives appeared much affected by this ludicrous exhibition. One canoe which had paddled up close alongside now attracted the Captain's attention. In its stern there sat a very fat native, whose long finger and toe nails had been most scrupulously pared and cleaned. He had, moreover, assumed an air of extreme listlessness, as though he were dying of *ennui*. The Captain, having come to the conclusion that these were symptoms which betokened the rank of a chief, filled a new pipe

with tobacco, placed a red cinder from the stove on the top of it, and presented it to him, at the same time calling to Bill, in the hope of gleaning some information from the supposed chief as to the place best adapted for casting anchor, through Bill's extensive knowledge of the various Malay dialects.

Bill at once commenced a long series of interrogations, in an unknown tongue, which, at first, seemed considerably tautological, but bore, more and more, a marked analogy to that peculiar sort of English which is commonly employed by nursery maids, when making unimportant communications to their infantine charges. The silent chief smoked and listened to the questions thus put to him with a show of the utmost indifference. At length he paused in his cloud-blowing operations, and uttered the cabalistic words, "Savie misery." This immediately gave Bill so much encouragement, that he recommenced his catechism with renewed vigour, warming into a perfect flood of unpronounceable eloquence, of

which the chief now showed a much greater degree of appreciation, for he took every possible opportunity of joining in with his unvarying exclamation of "Savie misery!—Savie misery!" which was uttered in the lugubrious wail, and with the monotonous precision of some old mediæval monk, chanting the responses to the Golden Litany. At length, however, this entertaining dialogue was brought to an abrupt termination by Bill, who ingeniously paraphrased it into,

"You must wait here till the Missionary comes on board, who, he tells me, is a first-rate old card, what knows everything, and can do everything."

"How do you make that out?"

"Savie is the Canaka for 'know.'"

"Oh! is it? I thought it was French."

"'Ere, you black chap. What name you? How you call you? Who you?" said Bill.

"Godamah!" replied the fat chief.

"Eh! he's getting communicative," said the Captain.

"He's a swearing at us, sir. He said G—— d—— 'em. Vy, that ain't his name. Hit 'im a crack on the snout, Bill."

"Don't be rash, now," said the Captain. "What's that? Why, it's a white man, isn't it, in that canoe?"

Another canoe came round into the bay, and in it sat a short, brown man, in white trousers and a kind of a pea-jacket. Bill assisted him on board, and with an overpowering amount of formality, introduced him.

"Mr. Captain, Mr. Misery," upon which several most polite bows were interchanged, in order to put an end to which, and thinking moreover he might like to shake hands, the Captain held out his flipper, and smiled blandly upon him.

The Missionary, or, as Bill called him, "the Misery," on seeing this movement of the Captain's appeared to be completely taken aback, for he immediately tucked his hands behind the tail of his pea jacket, or, at least, where the tail

should have been, for it was no end of a pea jacket literally, having not even an apology for a tail to it. The Captain, who did not know what to make of this ungentlemanly proceeding, was seriously reflecting upon the propriety of pitching into the *sea soi-disant* missionaries in general, when he perceived that the little brown man was endeavouring to extract something from a pocket which had been oddly enough contrived at the back of a pair of duck trousers which he wore. At length the missionary efforts were crowned with success, and he drew forth from its receptacle a letter, which he placed in the Captain's hand with an air of triumph. It was a certificate, couched in the following terms:—

“Fortuna, October 11th, 1859.

“The bearer, Ru, is a Christian teacher from the Hervey Islands, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society and the Scottish Mission at Aneiteum. He is a good man, and

worthy of the respect and confidence of all into whose hands this paper may fall.

“GEORGE TURNER, Missionary from Samoa,
now sailing in the Mission barque, ‘The John Williams.’

“JOHN INGLISS, Missionary at Aneiteum.

“W. H. WILLIAMS, Master of the Mission barque, ‘The John Williams.’”

While the awe-struck Captain was perusing this document, Bill evinced a growing facility in the art of talking English, *à la* nursery maid. He poked Ru familiarly in the ribs, asking,

“Ru got goody-hearty-party, eh?” Whereupon Ru shook hands violently all round, exhibiting a degree of emotion that seemed quite unaccountable. Bill then pushed him forward to the anchor, and inquired,

“Where me floppy down big fish-hook, eh?”

Upon which Ru, pointing to the fat chief,

who was standing up in his canoe, listlessly sucking one of his fingers, made a very diffuse speech, which consisted of a great quantity of unintelligible monosyllables, intermixed with a few English words here and there. After repeating his speech three times over, it was found that these English words, if taken by themselves, appeared to be just capable of a sufficient connection to make sense of. Accordingly Bill interpreted it into :

“That man lives here. Bad man. Him chief. Him G—— d—— him. Prays stars and moon. No good. Pull ropes. Make big canoe walk. Me live there.”

“How deep water-porter there?”

“Six man deep,” counting on his fingers.

“All big canoe goes to me. No rocks at me.”

“You’re sure that’s what he means?” said the Captain. “Well, in that case, we’ll make her walk through the water, as Ru calls it, fast enough. Up, with her fore and aft canvas, and lay a seven fathom range to the anchor chain.”

Ru now made some elaborate signs, to which, though perfectly ignorant of what he intended thereby to signify, the Captain nodded his head by way of assent. The result was that he called two native boys, who immediately clambered up on deck, and made them go forward and sit on the flukes of the anchor to look out a-head, it was supposed, as the vessel sailed along to the other beautiful bay which the Captain had previously observed, and which, being on the north-east coast, and behind a low coral reef, was well protected from all winds, except from such as are very unusual in these regions of the south-east trades.

Ru, who acted as pilot, and showed a very correct knowledge of the force and direction of the currents and eddies along the coast, stood by the cat'shead, from which dangled the anchor, with the two boys sitting on its flukes. He held the anchor-stop in his hand, evidently intending to let it go himself so soon as the vessel had sailed into a lagoon, whose sandy bottom was

surrounded with clumps and avenues of variegated corals, that in the now shallow water became distinctly visible.

"If he intends taking her in ranch nearer these rocks to leeward, we shall have to moor her. Tony, give us the end of that grass rope out of the hold. It is stowed under the after hatch. Unbend the kedge anchor, and, one of you, give us a hand with the boat. Over the side with her."

"There she goes."

The kedge was now lifted into the boat, and one end of the thick cable, made of cocoa-nut fibre, was neatly coiled in her stern sheets, while the other end was fastened round one of the masts of the schooner, and over a groove in her taffrail, to act as a stream anchor, if need be.

The native boys, who were still sitting on the anchor flukes, like two bronze cupids, now uttered loud exclamations, which were, of course, totally unintelligible to the crew, but which Ru appeared, alas! to understand only too well, for,

without a moment's hesitation—without giving these unhappy boys time to get clear of the anchor—he let go the stop, and down it went heavily plunging, deep into the bosom of the sea, bearing along with it the two wretched lads, clinging to it like grim death. The waters were thrown up in all directions around, so as nearly to swamp a canoe that was dragging along under the bows of the schooner, and then they resumed their still, glassy appearance.

But the boys — where were they? Alas! Perhaps stretched out on their backs, lifeless, at the bottom of the sea, and pinned fast in that position, like butterflies on the card of a naturalist, with the sharp point of the anchor flukes run right through their breasts into the sand. It is singular, that unreasoning grasp made by the drowning man—whatever it be that he clutches, whether a heavy bar of iron, or a light cork belt, it is all the same; he never relinquishes his hold of it, till compelled to do so, swooning away in the agony of an impeded respiration.

It was long before the boys let go their tenacious gripe on the anchor; but at length their dark bodies could be seen slowly mounting upwards through the transparent water, as though the breath left in their lungs was scarcely enough to buoy them up to the surface, which they, notwithstanding, did eventually reach, so that a canoe paddled up and took them in. Ru said something or other to them, and they replied by a scarcely articulate sound, which, if not euphonic, was, at least, very agreeable to the ear, as affording a *testis auritus* that they were not drowned "dead."

"No corracka. Iron no get broke. Him say all good," and Ru pointed to the half drowned cupids.

"Oh! ah! Savie, Savie, old fellar. Dash my vorsted vig altogether! It's all right, Captain. Ru good man, and bwoise good bwoise. Presently, Captain give bwoise some pipe and 'bacco," exclaimed old Harry.

"What's all that you're saying?"

"Vy the fact is, the dialectics vich this cove speaks is too difficult for Bill to retranscumulate. However, I guesses as Ru put them blessed little bwoise on the anchor for that they should just drop with it into the sea, and take a squint at the ground."

"As if I didn't know that," said Bill. "Why, didn't you hear Ru, just this minute, say that they declared on their oaths that the chain would not get worn through by rubbing against the coral rock, because as how there weren't none near it."

"You'll give them babies a pipe a piece an some 'bacco for their wetting, won't you, sir?"

"Well, yes. I suppose they'll want something. But, wait a bit. Let's get the ship moored first."

The sails were now rapidly furled, with the exception of the mainsail, which is always kept set for a short time after casting anchor, while two of the men, accompanied by a little fleet of canoes, rowed in the boat a hundred yards or so

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from the schooner, when one of the natives having dived down into the sea, explored its bottom, and ascertained that there were no coral reefs there to cut through the cable, they bent on to it the kedge anchor, and flung it out of the boat. This was done merely as an additional security, for a hard sandy bottom is never first-rate holding ground, and if she dragged her anchors by so much as a dozen yards at low water, she would have gone crunching on to the tops of many a lovely coral grove, that grew under water to shoreward of the little lagoon in which she was now comfortably moored.

After having purchased a number of coconuts from the natives, and having made Ru a present of some fish-hooks, which he was eyeing covetously, the Captain and crew were left in peace for the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TABOO.

It certainly was a charming little bay, that in which the schooner was now moored. Its calm waters were protected by a low coral reef running out for a mile into the sea. It's surface reflected the broken line of the shore, here skirted by a margin of rocky boulders, there fringed with a strip of white sand.

As the sun rose above the horizon, on the fifteenth, the Captain was awoke by the following dialogue between Harry and Tony.

"My eyes, Harry! What a swell you are! What have you got on your hair?"

"Hoil, my bowy."

"Why 'it's shark-oil, Harry! Ugh, how abominably you do smell!"

"Vell it's better nor nothing" (laughing).
"But it's my boots vot smells, my kid. There's nothing in the uniwersal varld like hoil for leather."

"Are you going ashore, then?" said Tony meditatively.

"Am I going ashore, indeed? Vot a question to ax. Am I? Yes, vy, in course I is, after breakfast. So steam away vith the coffee, vill yer?"

"Shall you stay long ashore, Harry?"

"Long? Lor! vell me kid, that depen's intirely on the ceevility of the niggurs an' their families. Maybe, I shall stay a juiced long time."

"What do you mean, Harry?" said the Captain joining the conversation.

"Oh! I means, sir, that is just nothing. Vell

no, I don't means, I shouldn't say, nothing. It's only one o' my leetle jokes."

"Go on deck, Tony, will you? and get breakfast ready. Up you go, now."

The Captain had a long conversation with Harry, as to the degree of intimacy that might safely be allowed between the crew and the natives. An important matter this, as it is chiefly in consequence of the reckless and licentious conduct of the crews of these trading vessels that the fearful massacres which we so frequently read of in the newspapers are inflicted on them by the revengeful natives. The result of the conversation apparently gave mutual satisfaction.

"Ha!" said the Captain in conclusion, "the fact is, you're a much better fellow, Harry, than you like to make yourself out to be. Of course I'll always give you, and the others if they don't misbehave, leave to go ashore for an hour or so at a time. But it's only fair that we all stick to the same rule."

"Of course, sir That vos only me a joking with Tony. I ain't a going ashore at all to-day, unless you likes for to send me with the mainsail. I likes for to make myself a bit comfortable like ven I'm in smooth vorter; No 'arm in that I suppose, sir?"

"Not a bit, man. But come, breakfast is surely ready now."

None of the natives made their appearance that morning; so the Captain took off the main-batches, and set Bill and Tony to work in the hold, which was in a state of great disorder. The ballast had got shifted about in all directions, and a large pointed stone had somehow rolled underneath one of the water casks, which in consequence was very precariously situated.

"Vile them chaps are playing the 'ouse maid, me and Charlie vill unbend the main-sail. The sooner ve can get ashore vith it the better."

"Yes, and when you've got that mainsail ready to begin upon, why you can just make a beginning

with her standing rigging. It'll all want setting up afresh every bit of it."

Towards the afternoon Ru made his appearance in a canoe, and an important consultation was immediately held, in which the whole crew joined.

"It appears," said the Captain, "that the Chief Godamah, who, it seems, is the most important personage on the Island, has taken great offence at being so effectually extinguished by Ru, and at our having left his bay yesterday to come round here."

"That's vy they've been a sulking all this morning, is it, sir? Vell ve don't care for Godamah. It comes jist the same, vether he's huffed or not, pervided ve can stitch up the mainsail. Ven that is done, ve can go away to Tana."

"Yes," said the Captain, "but is it wise for you to go ashore at all while the natives are in a bad humour? They seem quiet enough now, it's

true but then we know nothing about them ; and as for Ru's letter, it may be a forgery, you know. Hallo, Ru ! Can you read ?"

"No," shaking his head, "me no can read Ingleesh."

"When did you come here ? How many years ago is it ?"

"Sick years, Cap'n," counting on his fingers.

"Do you know Aneiteum ?"

"Yes. Labella there lives, and Mister Inglis."

"Who's Labella ?"

"He good man, Chief. Mister Inglis, him missery."

"Well," said the Captain, after he had put a few more questions, "I think we're safe with Ru. He speaks straightforwardly and looks like a good fellow. Still, I think we ought to give the natives some occupation while yore' ashore with that mainsail. We should then be more likely to know what they were about."

"Oh !" said Harry, "vile the schooner's in our

hands they'll treat us vell. The fast thing they'd try for to do, if they vern't dispoged to be friendly, would be to to seize the wessel, sir, and they wouldn't try to do that vile this vind's a blowing. They knows you could jist 'sleep cable' an' be hoff afore they could stop you."

"W-we c-could t-take a f-few c-cocoa nuts from 'em, just to k-keep 'em in a good humour—just to k-keep 'em in a good humour."

"That's the only imperishable fruit they've got sir," said Bill.

"Ru," said the Captain, "I want to buy five or six thousand cocoa nuts. Will you tell the natives to bring me some canoes full of them. I'll give them some pipes, tobacco and fish-hooks in exchange."

"No," said Ru, shaking his head mournfully, "cocoa nuts all taboo."

"D—the Taboo," said Harry. "Whe taboo cocoa nuts, Ru?"

"Godamah; him bad man; him angry; him 'all korreraw for cocoa nuts."

"Do you know what he means by a korreraw, Bill?" said the Captain.

"Haw, haw, yes, Cap'n," said Bill, consequentially, "I knows all about the native institutions. Once when I was on Bank's Island, where, as I told you, we were cast away—"

"Well, man. Out with it. Let's hear what it is?"

"It's a 'talk,' sir. A grand sort of a talk and a feast."

"A native parliament?"

"Yes, sir, and what they are going to talk about is always tabooed till the parliament has been held. So that the cocoa nuts, about which they're going to talk, are of course tabooed for the present. When korreraw takey placey, Ru?" asked Bill.

"To-morrow, first thing," replied Ru.

"If Godamah gains his point then, the taboo will be continued, but what made Godamah taboo the cocoa nuts, I should like to know?"

"It's a leetle bit of spite, sir. He seed ve liked 'em ven ve bought 'em, yesterday."

"Well, we must out manoeuvre him, somehow. But tea is ready."

Ru seemed to enjoy this meal prodigiously. He grew quite sentimental over the boiling Mocha, and his eyes glistened with tears, as he sipped it down with a spoon, amidst sobs of heartfelt gratitude. The salt beef and biscuit, moreover, gave rise to a burst of fine feeling which would have been highly poetical, no doubt, if it had but been a little more intelligible. This species of food was a luxury wholly unknown to him, except as forming the principal diet of European sailors. The Captain was delighted with his display of emotion, and considered it well worth bestowing a dinner upon a man capable of exhibiting such an exaltation of gastronomic felicity. Indeed such a man would have been in requisition anywhere. In the meantime the conversation was continued by the Captain.

"Who are the principal persons that will take part in this korreraw?"

"The three chiefs and myself," said Ru.

"What are their names?"

"Godamah, him great chief. Naruah and Patapah, him little chief, and Ru, him missery. Naruah and Patapah, hims good mans."

"And Ru, him's werry, werry good man," said Harry, slapping him on the back, and laughing.

"I say, Harry, suppose one of us were to go ashore with Ru and pay a ceremonious visit to those admirable chiefs Naruah and Patapah, and give each of them a present, and invite them to breakfast to-morrow morning. We could arrange the cabin like a shop, and by proposing to barter for cocoa nuts, excite their cupidity, and prevail upon them to out-vote Godamah."

"Yees, sir, that could be done werry well, that could. Perhaps Bill 'ad best go. He can re-transcumulate their lingo better nor me, an' ee knows their hinstutitions so remarkably vell, that I think ee'd be the werry chap for to go."

"None of yer chaff, old man. I'll go, sir, willingly."

"Well, you had better take some fish hooks, pipes, and tobacco with you, as peace offerings."

"Will you row us ashore, Tony, and remain in the boat till I return?"

"Yes; all right," said Tony. "Here, shove this in your pocket," giving him some pipes, tobacco, &c. "Come along, Ru, your canoe will tow astern."

Harry bade Bill a maliciously affectionate farewell, and insultingly intreated him not to be frightened at any cannibal proceedings he might witness; while Charlie, as they rowed away in the boat, promised that, should anything of that sort occur, he would amply revenge him by—"h-heating h-hup the h-hole h-hisland h-hoff them."

They soon reached the sandy beach. Bill and Ru stepped ashore, and Tony shoved off and rowed round to the rocky side of the bay, examining it with the greatest delight—for the

rocks had flung themselves into all manner of architectural designs, fantastically grotesque, shadowing forth in their sea-eaten form, Roman tepidarii, floored by the warm, green wave, vaulted with arches ; whilst at the entrances to these natural grottoes there rose up Grecian-looking pillars, with, sometimes, what seemed to be the remains of Doric Capitals.

The sun now set, and Tony returned to the sandy beach. He caught sight of Bill once or twice as the twilight deepened, scrambling over the scrubby and broken land that lay in the direction of Ru's house. He observed that he was accompanied by a numerous body of natives, but, at length, it became too dark to see anything more of them.

After sitting in various strange attitudes for the space of half an hour, he got so tired of waiting, that he returned to the schooner.

The Captain had, in the mean time, brought up his night glass and sat down on the cabin hatch with Harry and Charlie, who, every now and

then, availed themselves of it to watch Tony's movements.

"What is up now, Tony? Why have you come back?" asked the Captain, as soon as he was within hail.

"It's slow work sitting in a boat doing nothing," said Tony. "Just hand me over a few matches, will you, Charlie? my pipe's out."

A terrific yell was now heard from the direction of Ru's house.

"Go back, Tony, and stay about half way between the shore and the ship. If anything occurs come back at once, and let me know."

As Tony rowed quickly away, these appalling yells were repeated, and soon it seemed as though a large fire had been lighted, for a dull flickering glare of red light was cast upon one side of a little knoll that was visible from the ship.

"I bets twopence they're a going for to roast him."

"W-w-w-what's that?" said Charlie, as a wild

musical, chant, distinctly audible, floated in the air towards them.

"Strange!" said the Captain. "That's an old French song they're singing. I wonder how they got hold of it!"

"Aye, they always sings vile they basteses the roast. Juice take it! you've got to swallow the ole island, Charlie, me bwoy. 'Opes you've a prutty good digestion, I'm sure."

"W-w-won't you do nothing? Sh-shall I c-call T-Tony back here?"

"What! No--no, there's nothing to be alarmed at, at present. They'll only tatoo him about the face. That's all, isn't it, Harry?"

"Vell, sir, I should'nt like for to speak positively either von vay or another. But vot's a happ'-ning now?"

What they now witnessed was certainly most extraordinary. It was extremely dark, as the moon had not yet arisen. The light waving palm, the luxuriant undergrowth and the graceful

tree fern had ceased to be visible—in fact all the softer loveliness, all the external dress of the island had departed, overwhelmed by the more harsh and mysterious beauty of its rugged outlines. The knoll in front of Ru's house still glowed with the red reflection of some neighbouring fire, and, every now and then, the musical song of the natives became more or less audible. Whilst anxiously awaiting Bill's return, what was their astonishment on beholding a gigantic fairy-ring of red flame steal gradually into view. It seemed to float in the air high above the surface of the ground, and to move slowly down towards the beach. It was from this spectre-like circle of flame that the musical sounds proceeded.

"Aye, sir, that's a curious speculum, that is. You might go all over the ceeviliced varld an' niver see such a sight as that 'ere."

"C-can y-you m-make out what it is, sir?"

"No, I can't; but it's creeping down towards the shore. When it gets out of that dark shadow I shall be able to see it.

"The circle of light changes its shape, sometimes it's an oval, now it's a triangle.

"I can see the figures of a lot of natives inside ; upon my word, they're dancing round Bill. The fire's all round him, but he don't seem injured by it—at least his clothes seem all right.

"Oh ! I see what it is, now. It's a dozen natives escorting Bill and Ra down to the boat, They've got some huge torches in their hands, and they're dancing and singing round them."

It was a singularly wild scene. The torches, made of dried resinous leaves, twisted up with fibre, threw so powerful a glare of red light upon the group, that the dusky limbs of the savages, as they danced and scrambled down the broken declivity of rocky land, could be seen with astonishing distinctness through the opera glass.

Soon after, Bill stepped on board. He had been very successful, having made great friends with Patapah and Naruah, who had promised to

come with Ru the first thing in the morning to visit the Captain.

“What sort of a place is Ru’s house?”

“Oh! a kind of a bungalow.”

“What’s that?”

“A log house with a flat roof; but on the top of the flat roof there’s another sloping roof, built of branches of ferns, which keeps the lower room shady and cool.”

“And is he married?”

“Yes, he’s got a most delightful wife, of a light brown tint, and two children, and there’s a girl there which doesn’t belong to Ru. They call her ‘Jasus Christ,’ sir; but my eyes, don’t she smoke!”

“What do they call her that for?”

“I’m sure I don’t know, I didn’t ask. She looked such a rum un, I was afraid of laughing, and I didn’t want to offend her.”

“Well, we must arrange the cabin to-morrow morning for a grand reception. Good-night.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE KORRORAW.

Eu, accompanied by Naruah and Patapah, came on board early the next morning, as was agreed on the previous evening.

The cabin had been arranged so as to present a most imposing appearance. White, blue, and mauve-coloured blankets were hung up in all directions; printed calicos, tins of gunpowder, percussion caps, pipes, tobacco, fish-hooks, files, tomahawks, axes, glass beads, and vermillion

powder, were heaped together in bewildering confusion.

Ru and the Chiefs entered. They found the Captain smoking a pipe, and looking very much as though he had been created for the sole purpose of smoking pipes perpetually. He shook hands with Ru, and made polite bows to the chiefs, who returned them with a dignity and genuine delicacy which is not unfrequently to be found in the high-bred natives.

“Tell me their names, Ru.”

“Him Chief Patapah, and him Naruah Chief.”

He shook hands with them, and they all sat down in silence.

Ru put his hand into his pocket, which, we have already said, was oddly enough contrived at the back of his white ducks. This action gave rise to a very natural reflection in the mind of the Captain, who began to muse upon the severe hardship which the good missionary would necessarily experience, should he sit down with something—say of an incompressible nature—“stowed

away astern." But now Ru drew his hand out of the pocket and brought forth two fish-hooks, saying, in a melancholy voice,

"These alone me live by for a long time."

The Captain burst into a loud roar of laughter, in which he was heartily joined by the chiefs, who laughed, shouted, clapped their hands, and danced, from a feeling of generous sympathy.

Ru looked amazed.

"It's lucky for you they've got no barbs," said the Captain, restraining himself at length. "So that if they did happen to stick in, you could pull them out without much hurt. Did you make them yourself? They look rather like bent nails filed into shape."

"Yes," said Ru, "but me say me live by these alone for long, long time. The Day Spring, me no visited," he added.

"Is that you, Bill?" said the Captain, looking up through the cabin hatchway. "Come here, will you? I'm hanged if I can understand him, and he makes me laugh to that extent that I

can't speak. Look here; he's just taken these fish-hooks out of his 'stern pocket.' He says he eats them."

"No," said Ru, "me say missery ship me no have visit."

"The missionary ship?"

"The 'Day Spring,' him missery ship. Month pass by, but she no me come, and me not no food now, and me not no trading goods. Me no can buy food for month pass."

"He means to say, sir, that the missionary ship is a month past her time, and that he's got neither food to eat, nor trading goods with which to buy food."*

"Just so. But how on earth did you manage, Ru?"

"First me said, big ship soon come, me sure.

* "Teachers" (Samoa) "are placed among the different populations, they being, with their wives and families, and generally a samoa canoe, conveyed to their destinations by the missionary barque, the 'John Williams,' which is dispatched on a periodical voyage for this purpose, as well as to furnish supplies to these men, who are often dependant on head-quarters for the common necessaries of life," says Erskine.

When him me come, me feed chiefs back, or me give chiefs lava lava."

"What's lava lava, Bill?"

"Printed calico, sir."

"Well, what next did you do?"

Ru here explained that when they found the ship did not make her appearance, they ceased to put any reliance upon his word. He improved Naruah's hut for him, and received by way of payment a good supply of cocoa nuts, which he and his family, however, demolished in a week. He drew a sad picture of his subsequent sufferings, of his utter despair, with his wife and household all crying around him for food. But necessity is the mother of invention, and at last he hit upon a way of getting food. He knew the natives had, with their usual recklessness, broken or lost most of their fish-hooks, and he remembered that there were a few nails left in the principal beams of his bungalow, so he watted up their ends with strong fibre, drew out the nails, bent them into shape, and filed them down into

fish-hooks with a bit of an old file, the teeth of which had long ago been worn away. With these he managed to purchase food; but he had, it seems, only two fish-hooks left on the day when the "Mary Ira" arrived at the island.

"Me feel sure Cap'n no go away without me give some pipe, 'bacco, and fish-hooks for me eat."

"You may be quite sure of that. Come, shake hands," said the Captain, who had observed how fond these queer creatures are of shaking hands with a white man. They would have shaken hands with him all day long, if he had permitted it. "But now, Ru," he added, feeling a little doubtful as to the truth of this dismal story. "Don't you think it would be a good opportunity to give these chiefs a good rope's ending, just to teach them better another time, you know. Of course they're bound to see you don't starve. Yes; I'll tell Charlie to tie them up against the mast, and then you shall flog them to within an inch of their lives. Charlie! come

down, and bring some rope yarn with you, to tie these chap's thumbs together behind their backs. Ru is going to flog them."

"H-hall right, sir. H-harry, c-come h-here. L-lor ! what a lark."

"They're your guests, sir," said Harry.

"Yes, yes," said the Captain, in a whisper ;
"It's all right."

Charlie, grinning with delight, made immediate preparations for carrying into effect the Captain's order, Ru looking all the time very much shocked and scandalised ; at length he could stand it no longer, and jumping up, exclaimed,

"No, no, no. Me am a Christian man. Heart me in right place."

And he pressed his hands with enthusiasm against his stomach.

"H-he th-thinks they'd kill and eat 'im w-when we've left—w-when we've l-left."

"No ; hims me would hate."

"You think they love you now, do you ? Yet they'd have let you starve to death, eh ?"

Ru here confessed that their object in allowing him to starve was simply to compel him to do a few little things for them which he would not otherwise have done. He certainly was a very "handy sort of a fellow," and therefore it seemed extremely probable that however much the natives might admire and like him as a missionary, they might have, nevertheless, taken what in their opinion would have been a fair advantage of his distress to oblige him to perform for them various odd jobs, which they could not, perhaps, have done without his assistance.

"I see. You're so clever that they want to make use of you and starve you into compliance. But what are you up to, Bill?"

"Well, sir, I'm only going to have a bit of a lark with these chiefs. I think I can make 'em out vote Godamah, if you'll let me have my way," said Bill, who was working up some soap into a lather with a shaving brush.

"All right," said the Captain.

Bill made signs to the chiefs and tapped the cabin table with his hand, upon which they both

got up from where they were sitting and sat down side by side on the table. They formed a strange picture, and perhaps we may venture upon rather a minute description of their general appearance.

They were of a copper colour, their limbs were small and well made, their features expressed vivacity and instinct, but there was nothing thoughtful or noble about them. They were not tatooed, but they had streaks of red ochre, or something of that sort, painted down the middle of their noses, which gave them an uncouth appearance. Through their ears, probably in infancy, large holes had been bored, in which had been inserted wooden pegs. These pegs had been gradually pushed through from the thin to the thick end, so that the lobes of their ears had now become nearly detached, and hung down almost to their shoulders in graceful festoons, as they thought, like weeping trees bearing tortoise shell fruit, in the way of heavy ear-rings, constructed with barbaric taste and ingenuity. One of them had some old cotton reels instead of these tor-

toise shell ear-rings, and he greatly prized them. But it was evidently to the hair that they had paid the most attention. It was all twisted up from the roots with a native gum, sticking it into a number of long thick strings, gathered up and tied together at the back of the head with a bit of twine, so as to leave the ends of these strings reconverted back into hair—*au naturel*—standing out beyond the knot for about two inches, all curly and matted, like some intricate gooseberry bush. A fork of thin stick had been planted in this bushy mass, and to each end of the fork were attached the gorgeous tail feathers of some noble old cock. A little strip of red cloth was worked into it, giving—so to speak—an additional lustre to this highly ornamental head-piece. Around the left arm five or six large white cowrie shells were strung, bracelet fashion, and round the neck, by way of a necklace, they had strung together small pieces of mother of pearl, cut into circles and into the shape of small fish. They were, of course, unclothed, except

that they had a bag, called a "more," fastened in front, suspended to a piece of twine tied round the middle. They had not paid much attention to personal cleanliness, notwithstanding their almost amphibious habits. Their hair did not, properly speaking, belong to themselves; nine-tenths of their right-in-law having been evidently claimed, through long possession, by a vast parasitical population. Indeed, the forked stick to which we have alluded, notwithstanding its gorgeous paraphernalia of cocks' plumes, was, perhaps, on the whole, more useful than ornamental; at all events, they were perpetually using it as an instrument for skilfully disturbing the peaceable possession held by these interesting animals.

But, to return to Bill. He stood, with his coat off and his shirt collar down, elaborately shaving himself, exactly opposite them. The chiefs watched the whole operation with evident satisfaction. One held the tin cup of hot water, with which Tony had provided him; the other

held a small paper of vermilion powder, by means of which Bill beautified his face with sundry streaks of red. Bill completed his toilet by flinging over his shoulders a magnificent mauve-coloured blanket, and then sprang up on deck, followed by the two chiefs and the others. Here he commenced to strut about with an air of the fiercest exultation, and was shown the most servile attention, the most contemptible humility, by the rest of the crew, who kissed his hands and knelt before him as though he were the god-like Achilles himself. The chiefs viewed this demonstration as the inseparable adjunct to the shaving and beautifying process; hence it was not long before they implored Bill to shave and beautify them in like manner. This, of course, he at first refused, but on their promising to out-vote Godamah at the forthcoming korreraw, he relented, and, calling them down into the cabin, immediately commenced operations. They made their appearance soon after, and sat down to breakfast with the utmost dignity. It was al-

most impossible to help laughing, for their beards and whiskers had been cut into grotesque patterns, set off picturesquely with vermilion-coloured stars and anchors. One had thrown over his shoulders a blue blanket, and the other a mauve-coloured one. After breakfast they proceeded to the place where the korreraw was to be held. The natives had all arranged themselves in a semi-circle, in the midst of which stood Godamah. The highly decorated appearance of Patapah and Naruah effectually put his nose out of joint, for the semi-circle broke up as soon as ever they appeared in sight, and all crowded towards them with admiring curiosity. Godamah, perceiving the state of affairs, wisely determined not to lower his dignity by suffering an ignominious defeat. He therefore dissolved the korreraw, and declared he had no intention of pushing the matter, quietly withdrawing to the north shore, in a remarkably sulky frame of mind.

The triumphant chiefs, with some fifty of the natives, paddled off to the schooner, accompanied

by Ru, who, from the cabin hatch, made them a capital speech, to the effect that the Captain wanted to purchase from them everything they possessed in the world, and that he would give them any amount of things in return, especially pipes, tobacco, and fish-hooks.

At its conclusion the natives clapped their hands and howled with delight. Some flung their paddles into the air, others took a succession of headers into the sea ; in short, the excitement they exhibited was past all description.

"They ain't zactly sulking, sir, now, an' ve might go ashore with the mainsail without much fear on 'em now, I thinks."

"No, they're all right to-day, Harry ; but the coolest part of the morning is gone. I think you'd better wait till to-morrow."

"Werry vell, sir ; it's jist the same thing to me vether you lets me go ashore or not."

"But if you would like to take a bit of a cruise, Harry, pray be off ; and just find out if there is any trepang on the beach."

“Thank’ee, sir. Aye! I will; an’ I’ll be back by tea.”

Harry beckoned up alongside one of the many canoes which surrounded the vessel, and, having jumped into it, and nearly capsized it by so doing, was paddled off by its native owner in the direction of the coral reef.

There are few things capable of exhibiting such marvellous beauty as these coral reefs when seen through the bright, pure waters of these seas. Schleiden’s description of the coralines of the Indian ocean gives a tolerable faithful picture of what may be seen here. “We see,” says he, “the most wondrous enchantments, reminding us of fairy tales in childhood’s dreams. The strangely-branched thickets bear living flowers; dense masses of *Meandrinæ* and *Astræas*, coupled with the leafy cup-shaped expansions of the *Explanaries*. The variously ramified *Madrepores*, which are now spread out like fingers, now rise in trunk-like branches, and now display the most elegant array of interlacing branches. The colour-

ing surpasses everything: vivid green alternates with brown or yellow; rich tints of purple, from pale, red brown to the deepest blue. Brilliant rosy, yellow, or peach-coloured Nullipores overgrow the decaying masses, and are themselves interwoven with the pearl-coloured plates of the Retipores, resembling the most delicate ivory carving. Close by, wave the yellow and lilac fans, perforated like trellis work, of the Gorgonias. The clear sand of the bottom is covered with the thousand strange forms and tints of the sea urchins and star fishes. The leaf-like Flustras and Escharas adhere like mosses and lichens to the branches of the corals. The yellow, green, and purple-striped limpets cling like monstrous cochineal insects upon their trunks. Like gigantic cactus blossoms sparkling in the most ardent colours, the Sea Anemones expand their crowns of tentacles upon the broken rocks, or more modestly embellish the flat bottoms, looking like beds of variegated Ranunculuses. Around the blossoms of the coral shrubs, play the hum-

ming birds of the ocean—little fish, sparkling with red or blue metallic glitter, or gleaming in golden green, or in the brightest silvery lustre. Softly, like spirits of the deep, the delicate milk-white or bluish bells of the Jelly Fishes float through this charmed world. * * *

Yes! the most luxuriant vegetation of a tropical landscape cannot unfold as great wealth of form, while in the variety and splendour of colour, it would stand far behind this garden landscape, which is strangely composed exclusively of animals, and not of plants."

Most instructive to the eye of an artist this scene would have been; for all this variety and colouring was in perfect keeping, all in that astonishing harmony with itself, in which that great artist, Nature, who delights in unity no less than in variety, loves to attire her children.

Harry made signs to the native, who understood him, and leaped immediately into the sea. Poor fellow! his head (which fortunately was extremely hard), came violently in contact with a branch of

coral, which broke off from the stem, and the native brought it with him into the canoe. They now proceeded to the shore.

On landing they were greeted by a ferocious-looking pig, who made a rush at Harry's legs, squeaking maliciously. He was a tall, gaunt fellow, and very lean, with long shanks and ears. It was only after several violent kicks had been delivered on his snout that he became reduced to a condition of ordinary civility.

After having for some time walked about the rough, scrubby land of the interior, he fell in with a small party of natives, who were sitting down lazily in the shade. They were chewing sugar cane, and spitting it about in all directions. They were surrounded by a number of poultry, who were greedily devouring their sugar cane remnants. They were a medium-sized game fowl, and the cocks were very handsome and pugnacious. He learnt from one of the more intelligent of the natives, who could pronounce a few words of English, that they fed their poultry

chiefly on pith balls—that is, on cocoa-nuts whose milk had turned into pith preparatory to germination. He also learnt that there was some superstition about hens' eggs, for the natives never eat them, nor would they even touch them, they having been all tabooed by the chiefs. The taboo did not, however, extend to the poultry themselves, for Harry, having given away four pipes, one of the natives, too lazy to get up, drew towards him a small fishing line, baited with a bit of chewed sugar cane. He soon hooked four fowls, which he presented to Harry in return for the pipes. He wandered along the coast on his way back to the schooner, and, finding the shores covered with trepang, he brought several specimens with him in his canoe.

CHAPTER X.

TREPANG.

“TREPANG,” or, as it is sometimes called, “Biche de Mer,” is a snail-like sea-slug of from two to three or even four inches in length and from one to two inches in thickness. There are three varieties of trepang, perhaps more. Some are long and thin, and of a dark bistre colour, others short and thick and perfectly black; but the most valuable variety, and that to which we would more particularly refer is rather short but very thick. Its colour is blackish, tending for the

most part to a slight bluish shade, except its belly, which is tinged with a faint yellow. Its appearance is somewhat remarkable for its body is found to be scattered over with small tubercles, or papillæ, running from one extremity to the other. As to which is the head or which is the tail, it would puzzle even Professor Owen himself to determine at the first glance.

It usually lies in about a fathom of water, and is perpetually rolled about by the under current of the surf, backwards and forwards, on the fine shelly bottom, the debris of many a surrounding coral reef that sparkles and gleams in the luxury of a brilliant variety of colours, unknown except there, where, beneath the surface of the clear waters of the Pacific, the tropical islands lave their jewelled feet.

The natives easily collect it in vast quantities. Their women and boys, for it would be far beneath the dignity of a native warrior to fish, walk out up to their middles in the sea, following along the margin of the coast—with one hand

guide forward a half filled canoe that floats beside them—with the other rapidly gather into it the captured fish. While so employed, ever and anon there protrudes from the surface of the sea the sharply pointed back fin of the ground shark, which, like the steel blade of a scimitar, is for a moment held up menacingly from beneath by some invisible hand in the dancing sun-light and then, like King Arthur's good sword, it as suddenly disappears and vanishes away. The natives apparently show no sign of alarm at this, which, to a white man, would be a source of considerable uneasiness. They continue to replenish their little canoes, and when full to track them quietly along the glistening beach to some more even flat of the shell-sandy shore, where stands the pot necessary for the first operation in the curing process.

This iron pot is capable of containing several gallons of water. It is kept continually boiling by a fire of logs and sticks heaped around it and every twenty minutes a fresh batch of trepang is

plunged in and boiled ; while the former supply, already sufficiently cooked, is taken out by small wooden shovels and laid on the hot sand to dry. In order to fully understand the nature of the change produced on the substance of the fish by this boiling, we would mention that when first captured it is of some considerable consistency, at least it has the appearance of being firm and even hard to the touch, but as soon as it comes in contact with the human hand it ejects a large quantity of the fluid substance with which its body had been previously distended, and if it were allowed to remain for any length of time in the palm of the hand one would be forcibly reminded of the oyster in love ; for these curious little animals, though probably inspired by any other sentiment rather than by one of an amatory nature, gradually dissolve away, however horrible the idea, like the hand of a certain fair lady, which seemed to melt in compassion, within that of her gentle swain, who, alas, in his fond conceit, forgot that it was rather a warm afternoon in

July. But, however that may have been, it is nevertheless true that the trepang partakes somewhat of the glutinous nature of jelly fish, for if boiled for only a short time it becomes of the consistency of very stiffly made isinglass.

The substance of our fish having been now reduced by the boiling process to a texture sufficiently firm to undergo the next operation, it is dried by a short exposure of from five to fifteen minutes in the sun, slit open, and cleansed from the thick coral crust which is formed inside it. A small piece of stick is next inserted cross-wise in the slit, so as to keep the sides apart like a wide-opened mouth. It is curious to observe with what precision and rapidity these *dilettante* natives will each perform their allotted parts in this operation. Indeed division of labour, supposed by some to be par excellence the child of civilisation is certainly well understood by the uncivilised savage. Unlike the European whose scientific knowledge has raised the arts to such high perfection as to render it necessary for him

to remain attached to the same one all his life, the native, like the American bush-man, is an universalist in his little way, and hence it is that as regards the very limited number of simple trades of which he avails himself, this division of labour results not in the improvement of the arts, but in the acquisition of the power of numbers.

Thus the trepang is rapidly got ready to pass through the third operation. For this purpose a small shed has been previously erected with bamboo cane and fern leaves. It has been so arranged internally as to present the appearance of a succession of shelves one above the other, reaching across, of open trellis work, and on these the fish are placed separately. A small wooden fire is kept constantly burning in the centre of the hut which is constructed so as to be tolerably smoke proof. The fish in the course of a few days become shrunk, dry, and hard, assuming the appearance of well smoked india rubber. They are then taken out of the hut and packed in casks or sacks and kept dry in the store room ready to

be shipped in the next vessel that visits the station, either to Singapore, Sydney, or San Francisco, where they are readily purchased by the Chinese merchants.

One of the most extensive fisheries is that conducted by the French amid the enormous coral reefs that surround New Caledonia, and which is perhaps one of the principal resources of its inhabitants, for the land is under but little cultivation at present, though doubtless it is well adapted for rice, sugar, coffee and cotton. It is said there is gold on the island, but as none has yet been found, it remains for the present merely a colonial *on dit*, to promote emigration there perhaps. The natives who are naturally fierce and warlike are kept in complete subjection by the French, who are always a little inclined to be unmercifully severe, though perhaps it is the kindest line of conduct to pursue for it is always far better understood by the uncivilised than the half and half policy so injudiciously employed by our colonial government.

Occasionally small vessels of from eighty to a hundred tons register leave the Australasian ports, well found, and with a six months supply of provisions on board for the innumerable islands that lie to the north of New Caledonia, for the purpose of collecting these fish, and sometimes large fortunes are amassed in this trade. The crew of these vessels are, however, always well armed, as the natives here are not to be depended on, being mostly cannibals with a few exceptions where missionary stations have been formed. Moreover in these seas Malay pirates are still occasionally to be met with.

This piracy is easily to be accounted for. The islands to the north are all under Dutch control, and these used in by-gone days to make sudden descents upon the Malay natives and carry them away, in large numbers to Java, as slaves. Hence the Malays from the sheer necessity of self defence originally, though subsequently by way of retaliation built the large proas and providing themselves with the terrible creese (dagger) in

their turn became pirates. Dutch slavery has however, long ceased, but the Malay piracy now and then bursts out afresh.

From the many islands and rocks that lie off these coasts the trepang is culled, especially from the low coral reefs in Torres Straits, where Captain Edwards and others in the employ of Mr. Robert Towns, of Sydney, have been successful.

It will be difficult to imagine what possible use the Chinese could make of this dirty, black, gristly little fish, which, now that it is cured, resembles somewhat the frog in the inside of a horse's hoof. Certainly, from its extremely unpalatable appearance, one could scarcely suppose it possible that even a John Chinaman could ever really be prevailed upon to eat it ; but it would, we feel persuaded, be a token of a very high order of genius, were any one to guess, what is in fact the case, that John is so greedy after it as an article of food that he will give, in exchange for it, the exorbitant price of upwards of a hundred

pounds a ton ; yet so it is, and we would undertake to moderate the surprise which anyone would naturally exhibit, on first being made acquainted with this fact, could we solicit the honour of his company to dinner to-morrow at the Café de Paris, at Sydney, where he would be presented at twelve o'clock (the usual dinner hour in the colonies) with a dish of soup du Biche de Mer or trepang. We are of opinion he may wander over the whole world, but never will he meet with a more dainty dish than that there presented to him. We could, however, on wishing him adieu, plunge him afresh in deep astonishment by assuring him that this marine slug is itself perfectly tasteless, is merely a gelatine—and that it would be to the French cook, and not to the slug, that thanks were particularly due.

After tea, Harry having shown the Captain the specimens of trepang which he had picked up, inquired from Ru whether any of the natives understood the process of curing it.

“ Yes,” said Ru ; “ new Caledonia big canoe”

come, stop for him," pointing to a bucket of trepang on deck. "Cap'n use native, and him give guns."

"Oh! that's how they got hold of their muskets, is it?"

"Cook, dry, smoke; that all."

"How long do you boil it?"

"He means," said Bill, interpreting a long speech of Ru's, "that all the knack of curing it lies in the length of time it's allowed to boil. It's spoiled easily enough by being either a little too much or too little boiled."

"Is that right, Harry? You said you knew all about it when we were at Auckland."

"Werry vell, sir, an' so I thought I did till just this minute, ven, vilst list'nin' to Ru, I thought to myself as how I didn't. Leastways, I niver seed it cooked myself, so in coorse I can't zactly say."

Ru having explained that the fish were sometimes carried alive on a layer of sand, sprinkled on the ship's dunnage, to Port la France, when

the wind was free, in order to be sold and cured there, Harry muttered aloud,

“That ’ere’s the curing process vich I knows, Cap’n.”

“Is it? Well, it’s lucky I’m not dependent upon you.”

Ru wished them all good-night, and retired to his bungalow.

On the following morning, the 17th of May, this little sleeping bay bore a very lively aspect; for numbers of canoes were scattered about in all directions, but especially between the schooner and the shore, and in each canoe sat a native on his haunches, paddling gaily along. They were bringing on board the cocoa nuts. It was agreed that for every hundred that were brought they were to be given thirteen pipes and two sticks of tobacco. But who was to count the nuts? The natives had no idea of numbers whatever. Ru at first attempted to do so, but he made use of a rather peculiar method (semi-decimal we may call it, for he counted by fives) which became so com-

plicated with fractional parts, that on reaching "fourteen fives and twenty-eight half-fives," he was obliged to give it up altogether. Hence all the counting part of the business devolved ultimately upon the Captain and his crew, and the natives trusted implicitly in their good faith. There was plenty of bargaining through the medium of Ru, but when anything was once agreed upon, it was put down on paper and every pains taken to make the natives clearly understand it, so that no misunderstanding arose. Godamah offered three hundred coconuts for fifteen spoonsful of gunpowder. Patapah offered two hundred and fifty for half another blanket and twenty percussion caps; others wanted to be paid in fish-hooks, or vermilion powder, or "lava-lava" (calico). It was curious to observe the delight they experienced on receiving their payment in goods. Their hands, and the features of their faces even, trembled with emotion, which they with difficulty suppressed; but, when once they were fairly seated

in their canoes, it burst forth from them in all directions. For one minute they would paddle so vigorously as to make their tiny vessels dart through the water with astonishing velocity—for another, they would stop short in their exertions and wave their paddles to their sympathising comrades who remained on the beach ; while every now and then, they would relieve their overcharged breasts by numberless shrieks of excruciating joy.

While this busy scene was being enacted in the bay, Harry and Charlie, who had rowed off with the mainsail in the cool of the morning, before breakfast, were hard at work on shore. The sail was stretched out on the strip of sand, and they stitched away at it, one at either end, amid a group of eager looking natives, whose faces expressed, singularly enough, at one and the same moment, the greatest possible anxiety to see all that was to be seen, and the most circumspect caution to avoid getting in the way of the white men. The natives had courteously

brought for their accommodation two logs of wood, but their work was such as to preclude them from sitting down; thus as the sun grew more powerful, they found it extremely hot work.

At length, Harry paused in his occupation, took off his hat, wiped his streaming forehead with his pocket-handkerchief, and sighed and groaned most dismally. The natives immediately looked up mournfully and pityingly in his face, and then into each other's. One of them suddenly took to his heels, and returned soon afterwards with a couple of green cocoa nuts, which he offered him. The milk was so deliciously refreshing, that every succeeding half hour, Harry took off his hat and groaned, and the result was always precisely the same.

A little further along the beach, a group of natives were at work. To explain what they were doing, we must mention that Patapah had come on board the schooner early that morning with an old musket, which he had earnestly soli-

cited the Captain to repair. The musket was an heir-loom, and the responsibility of supporting it on his august shoulders had devolved upon him by the right of primogeniture; Patapah had smashed the nipple. This the Captain unscrewed, and fortunately finding among his spare nipples a bran new one which exactly fitted it, he managed to put the musket to rights and return it to Patapah, without his knowing exactly how the breakage had been so easily remedied. The chief consequently viewed it in the light of a sort of a miracle, and was profoundly delighted, especially when he was allowed to buy a few caps to snap off; he determined to make a suitable present in return. This consisted of fifty fowls; but finding the Captain had no place to stow them, he was now employed, at a little distance from Harry and Charlie, in superintending the construction of a large hen coop, which his slaves were manufacturing with bamboo cane.

At noon it was too hot to work, and all the natives laid themselves down in the shade of the

thick undergrowth to sleep or to chew sugar cane, which, like bread to the European, is "the staff of life" to the South Sea Islander.

Harry discovered that there were two kinds of cane, and that the saccharine matter of the one was vastly superior to that of the other in flavour. He obtained a large bundle of it from the natives, and then returned with Charlie on board for dinner. Here he found Ru and his wife, and the little girl who had been given the strange name of "Jesus Christ." She was of a much lighter colour than the *Fortuna* natives generally, and she was clothed in a long grass dress, which looked extremely pretty. Her story was very interesting as given by Ru; but we must give our own version of it, as Ru's acquaintance with the English tongue was so slight.

CHAPTER XI:

A DISGRACEFUL SCENE.

THIS little story as given by Ru, commences with a disgraceful scene that occurred many years ago, on board a large vessel as she toilsfully laboured in a heavy sea.

“Um I the mastre of shrip, orn’ot?” (hiccup).
“Drarnoo, itsh only a lul-lul” (hiccup). “Yoore trunk, sher. Trurn in, sher” (hiccup).

“If I’m drunk, what must you be? It’s not a lull, Captain. The gale is dying away altogether.”

"Trurn in, sher, wenni tell 'oo. If yoorh trunk Ish' shtop 'oor grog. If yoorh dishobedient Ish-l put 'oo in irons. If maken 'oise Ish-l gag 'oo. Trurn in wenni tell 'oo, sher" (hiccup, hiccup, hiccup).

"Well, well. As you like, Captain. I'll go below."

"Yow-ud betsher" (hiccup), "but 'ont wink 'im, sher, der-r-rarnoo."

The first mate, with a wink to a sailor who stood by, went below; while the Captain reeled about the deck, backwards and forwards, scarcely able to stand from the effects, not only of the spirits he had drunk, but also from the motion of the ship, which, now that the gale of wind was rapidly subsiding, had not sufficient canvas set, even to steady her. But listen: the Captain is soliloquising.

"Um I the mastre of shrip ? orn 'ot" (hiccup).
"Guess I'll see. Darn'm. For-or-or-ward, there," (shouting).

"Yes, yer honour," said a rough, fierce-look-

ing seaman, standing close by, with his lips all covered with tobacco, which he was chewing.

“Choo shay that again, an’ I’ll—” (hiccup).

“Thought yer honour called me” (touching his cap).

“Darn’m. Forward, there. Clo-rif-for-topisail.”

“Shake out reefs, for’ard, there,” bellowed out the seaman.

“Drarnoo we’ll shée that. Where ish mip ishtol,” and the Captain stumbled below for his pistol, and then tumbled up again with it in his hand.

“Drarn’m. Clo rif-for-top-isail. issay.”

“Sure, the wind’s a moderatin’, yer honour. It’s a blowing itself clane out altogither. May the d—I fly away wid me intirely, but it’s sorra I am to see yer honour so. Sure it’s yer honour that knows better than to say it.”

“Choo pay ord’s, sher. Drarnoo, sher. Drarnoo, I shay. Pay ord’s, sher, or I’ll plo yer drarned prains out. Drarnoo.”

"Don't do it now, Captain, dear. Oh, wirra, wirra!! Yer will, will yer, yer murthering thief! Thin do it, and d—l thank yer!! Arrah, now, and the d—l a taste will I be killed for yer diversion!! 'Trar an' ages! me boys, I calls on ivery mother's son o' ye to witness that his honour's a trying to take the life out o' me wid his pop-gun."

"Aye! eere! Il oh! ooh! Why, yes, so he is," exclaimed several voices.

"T'chisn't load-ded," said the Captain, evidently alarmed at the mutinous chorus.

"Oh! allannah! bad luck to ye!"

"T'chisn't loaded. Zyee for oorself," said the Captain, as the Irishman wrenched it out of his grasp, and after looking down its muzzle to make sure that it was loaded, flung it overboard into the sea.

"Och! Mother o' G-d! It's loaded up to the muzzle, it is. May the flames, &c., scortch me if I puts me hand to a rope this intire voyage!! Yer dhrunken old f—l. Sure yer quite galore.

Go below and send up the first mate, or I'm thinking it's me as'll take command o' the ship."

"Drarn'm. Clo-rif-for-top-isail."

"May the d—l admire me! Begorra, thin I must put yer to bed me self, Cap'n, dear. Come along wid yer, an' hould me tight, honey. Good luck to yer, though you did try to shoot me dead, yer did, yer ould spalpeen!" and the seaman took him up in his arms, for he was too drunk to resist, and carried him below amid the laughter of the crew.

Leaving him with the steward, who immediately plied him with whisky till he fell asleep, the seaman proceeded to the first mate, to whom he gave an exaggerated account of the Captain's misdoings, and so prevailed upon him to resume his watch on deck.

The first mate soon restored order, shook out the reefs, and set additional canvas. The Irishman declined to resume his duties, but though apparently sulky, he was in a very pleasant frame of mind, for he felt he had cleverly

availed himself of the Captain's folly, and he hoped, if he played his cards well, to do a little stroke of business for himself.

The next morning, however, these dreams seemed likely enough to be dispersed, for the Captain, sober, was a very different man from the Captain, drunk. He did not "show on deck" during the morning, evidently endeavouring to make up his mind as to the line of conduct he should pursue. Having worked himself up from "the scuppers" to his present position, he was somewhat stern and overbearing in his treatment of the men that sailed under him, and as he well knew, he had already acquired for himself the character of being needlessly severe and harsh. Thus he perceived that most people would be very unlikely to suppose that a hard man, such as he was, would point an unloaded pistol at the head of a disobedient seaman. Such "sky-larking" would, in truth be wholly out of character with the Captain, sober; yet, if he admitted to being drunk, the difficulty would be by

no means disposed of to his satisfaction. He found himself then in an extremely awkward dilemma. We shall see how he managed to get out of it.

After eight bells in the afternoon, the first mate came as usual into his cabin to give him the sun's altitude, to work out the day's reckoning, and to mark the ship's position on the chart. The Captain apologised and shook hands, but did not allude to the spirituous influence under which he had laboured, otherwise than by just a bare admission of his having drunk one glass extra. On inquiry he was informed that the Irishman had that morning stubbornly refused to take his turn at the wheel, and that it was his (the first mate's) opinion that the men were inclined rather to back him in his refusal. The Captain ordered him to be called aft.

"Well, my man," said he, as the seaman entered, "you don't bear malice, I'm sure. Come, let us talk over the matter reasonably, and I'll

see that you shan't be a loser by taking it in a friendly spirit."

"Fairx! an' I don't bear malice, as yer honour says."

"That's right, my man. Take a glass of whiskey and shake hands."

"Be the p'howers. I'll dhrink yer health, Captain, an' thank yer kindly too," drinking it, "but it's d—I a one o' me 'ill take any notice o' yer honour's hands."

"No?" said the Captain. "Not shake hands? Not quite satisfied yet?"

"Not quite, yer honour, but a thrifle more'll do it."

"I see. You want a formal apology. Well! Believe me, I'm sincerely sorry for my share in what occurred last night."

"Begorra an' it's sorra, I am, yer honour, too."

"Ha! I'm glad to hear you say so. Hope you'll let it be known you're sorry for having

said that the pistol was loaded. It was too bad. But come, help yourself, and shake hands."

"Arrah! an' just another taste I'll take of the bog stuff, for yer divarsion," drinking it; "but thin yer honour's a Christian, and wouldn't wish a boy to blacken his own soul."

"To be sure not. Yes, I'm a Christian, though not a Roman Catholic. But what do you mean?"

"Well, you honour," whispering mysteriously, "I'm afeard to aver that the pistol wasn't loaded, as you know," chuckling.

"Nonsense, man! You must have seen it wasn't loaded. You must know that, as well as myself."

"Tare an' ages! Me to know it as well as yer honour's self? Sure yer honour's a laughing at me. I'm not a scholar, as is yer honour."

"Ah, you think I ought to have known better, being a scholar, and ought to do penance. Come, I'll give you a five pound note out of my own

pocket, but then you must do penance yourself, and acknowledge the pistol wasn't loaded."

"The saints be merciful! I'll tell them that, or any other murdering lies yer honour likes, for a fipound note; but there's sorra a one as'll belave me, at all at all, I'm thinking."

"Ha! I'll make them believe you, but—" hearing a loud knocking on the door. "Here! Take this five pound note. Quick, it's the first mate," raising his voice. "Come in, Mr. —, come in. This man acknowledges that the pistol was not loaded. Just say so again, will you, my man?"

"Be the p'howers! Yes! I say so. And I thanks yer honour kindly for the fipound note," winking familiarly at the Captain.

"He'll call that hush money," said the first mate in a low voice. "Take my word for it, Captain."

"No," said the Captain. "I've given it him by way of penance. He's a Roman Catholic,

and says I ought to have known better than to drink that extra glass, you know."

"To be sure, yer honour. Then, begorra! I may say the truth about the pistol's being loaded, will I?"

"Always speak the truth, my man. You understand me. There, you may go now."

And the seaman walked out. After he had gone, the Captain continued, addressing the first mate,

"Strange way these Irish have of expressing themselves. He's been unintentionally contradicting himself half a dozen times. But what do you want, eh?"

"There's a sail passing to leeward, sir, and she's signalling us."

"Well, sir! signal her yourself, can't you? Well, well. No. Thank you for telling me. I'll come on deck with you, Mr. —."

"You need not be alarmed," said the first mate, as they walked aft. "You need not be alarmed about that Irishman's story, for both the steward

and myself know that the pistol was not loaded. It's the one that was hanging up in your cabin, I see, and the steward says you just went below for it, and didn't remain long enough to load it. He's already mentioned it to some of the men, and of course they see it's merely an Irish trick. They say he wouldn't have thrown it overboard if it had been loaded."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say so, Mr. ——. By George! sir, I'm sorry now that I gave him that five pound note. The rogue doesn't deserve it, that's certain."

They signalled the ship, and exchanged their respective reckonings as regards longitude. After which, the Captain called his men aft, and frankly apologised for what had occurred. At the same time, he said, he considered it only fair towards himself to tell them decidedly that the pistol was not loaded, and that the Irishman had admitted that much, both to himself and the first mate. The first mate verified what the Captain had said, and the steward was called

upon to corroborate it, which he did. The Irishman was somewhat startled to find the Captain's case so strong an one. However, having previously determined to make a bold stand, he took the five pound note out of his pocket, and said, "he didn't know what the Captain had given the mate and the steward, but that, for his part, he had received a five pound note. But," said he, "though I tells yer that the pistol wasn't loaded, I don't axes yer to believe me; for, me lads, I can't belave meself, and therefore I ain't a going to put me hands to a ——y rope agin this vige, an' so I tells yer."

"Now, my man," said the mate, "don't make a fool of yourself by telling lies, where there's no occasion for them. I heard your reply to the Captain when he told you he gave the five pounds, not to bribe you into telling the truth, but to show he really meant what he said when he said he was sorry for what had occurred. It was kindly done by the Captain, and don't go twisting it that way."

"What do you say, my lads?" added the Captain; "try and persuade him to resume his duties, will you? I think you know me, and though I'm a rough dog, I'm one of yourselves, and just and straightforward to yer; so don't let's hear anything more of this affair."

"Three cheers for the Captain," said one of the
IRISH.

"Aye, aye. He's right, me lads."

"Three cheers for 'm," and they cheered him and left the quarter deck.

CHAPTER XII.

AN INCIPIENT MUTINY.

THERE was a "house" on deck, with four compartments in it. One was used as a sort of carpenter's room; in another the carpenter and boatswain slept; the third was occupied by the second and third mates; while the fourth answered the purpose of a store-room, though it was called the hospital, for it was occasionally tenanted by such of the seamen as happened to be sick. It was now, however, converted into a prison house, and

was perfectly empty, with the exception of a tarpaulin bag of clothes, on which sat the Irish seaman, handcuffed, and apparently in a somewhat uncomfortable mood.

"Begorra! but there's nothing like indhustry," said he. "It's could comfort a talking to one's self, agra."

"Hell and fury! What is it?" added he, furiously, as the door was suddenly unlocked, by the cook, a queer, scrumptious-looking personage, with a wooden bowl of "midshipman's nuts," and a piece of "boiled salt horse."

"Well, Paddy, me lad. How is yer? You looks uncommon lively, you does."

"Faix! May be I is; may be I isn't. Myself doesn't well know, cook. Can't yer give us a piece of pork, me darlint?"

"Here's some baccy, me lad, from yer ship-mates. They're sorry for your confinement, and they'll be for releasing you soon, I guess; for the skipper's a trying it on again."

“Arrah! but has there been some scrimmag-ing, cook?”

“Why, Tom was at the wheel last night, an’ the skipper riled him a’ keeping on telling him to steer her closer to the wind. So, next time he tells him, Tom puts the helm hard up, and she gets taken clean aback on the other tack. It took both watches just an hour to get her right on her course again. The skipper tried to stop the hands from having their grogs, but the first mate, he over persuaded the Captain in the end, and he allowed them to have it, but the hands wouldn’t have it then, and there’ll be a row, as sure as rum is rum.”

“May the d——l admire me. You are not a going to—to—to—to mutiny! They’re dacent boys enough, but poor spirited craytures.”

“They won’t be abused no more by the skipper; and talks of giving the command to the first mate, and the skipper, he’ll—”

“Arrah! but I won’t disgrace me grandmither. No bluidshed, cook.”

"He'll just have to take your place, when you've vacated it, but silence, man! Who's that?"

"Oh! oh! oh!" said the first mate, opening the door. "That's your little game, is it? But it won't do, cook. They'll all get hung for it. Tell the men so from me. I'm mum, you know. I don't want to get them in a row; but it won't do, I tell you. Just you step this way, my man. The Captain has got something to say to you."

The Irishman accompanied the first mate to the Captain's cabin.

"I hope you will excuse me, Captain, for acting without your orders, by bringing this man to you; but I happened to overhear a conversation which makes me deem it necessary that you should come to some clear understanding with him."

"What do you mean, sir? Leave me, sir. When I want you I'll send for you."

"Very well, Captain. But I shall be really sorry to have to obey you, for the matter is most

urgent, and does not admit of a moment's delay."

"Well, sir! then tell me this precious conversation that you say you overheard, can't you."

"That, Captain, I am not at liberty to repeat; but, if you will allow me to advise you, I'd make for the nearest land, and—"

"D—— your impudence, sir! Advise me, indeed! When I ask you your advice it will be time enough for you to give it. Advise me! Take yourself away, sir, and this Irish blackguard with you. Leave me."

"Sure yer honour manes meself. So the Irish blackguard 'll just repate that same conversation which he had wid himself for his own diversion."

"What do you mean, you fool?"

"Sure an' it was the fool that said to the blackguard that your honour's men will just clap yer honour in irons, and give the command to the first mate; and that's all, an' it plases yer honour."

"A mutiny, do you say? Oh! God! a mutiny!"

"'Arrah! an' it'll be quite divarting,' said the fool to the blackguard; but the mate, he overheard it, and he said, 'Come along to the Captain and stop the bluidshed.' Here take this dirty fipound-note out of me pocket and fling it in his honour's face vid me thanks, for I can't use me hands vid these b—— shackles on."

"Take off his handcuffs, Mr. ——. Oh! God! Has it come to this?"

"Be me soul it has. I thank your honour kindly. Arrah! but it's more pleasant like wid-out them onasy things on."

The first use Paddy made of his liberty was to help himself to a glass of whiskey.

"Here's yer fipound-note, which ain't of no good at all to me, an' which, may be, you won't want for long, Captain, dear, if you don't take the mate's advice."

"And what is your advice, Mr. ——. I'll hear it, at all events."

“ My advice is that you make for the nearest land—for the island of Erronan, which is close by, and that you leave this man there with a few necessaries. He's determined he won't work for you any more, and the other men are of course influenced, more or less, by his conduct. After you have got rid of him you will be able, without much difficulty, to make it square with the others, but as long as you keep him in irons you will never have peace, and besides, you will find it awkward when you make any regular port, if the men happen to be still dissatisfied, and if this man persists in his story about the pistol,” whispered the first mate.

“ D—— if I don't follow your advice, Mr. ——,” said the Captain, aloud. “ Your line of argument, sir, is exceedingly good, and does you infinite credit. Yes, I'll follow it, sir, by George ! I will. Your whole conduct, sir, has been excellent, sir. D——d if I don't mention it. I'll mention it to the owners, sir ; I will—by George ! Turn her head round to the Island of—of—of Erronan, I

think you called it. I'll arrange the whole matter in the meantime with this Irishman."

The first mate went on deck to alter her course.

"Now, my man," began the Captain, when they were alone, "now, my man, there is only one way by which this matter can be settled, so as to be mutually satisfactory. I don't want to get you into trouble; but then, of course I don't want you to get me into a scrape. You see I have as sincere a regard for you as I have for myself."

"Arrah, now! And is it for the fool and the blackguard that your honour's so kindly interested?"

"Well, well! Hard words break no bones. Yes, it is for you as well as for myself that I propose this plan. If I give you a good stock of provisions and other useful things, and set you up comfortably on one of these remarkably beautiful islands, what would you say, my man, eh? would that suit you?"

"Amang a parcel of cannibal blacks, is it your honour means. Oh! wirra! wirra! Sure yer honour doesn't mane to lave me behind intirely, to starve me, body an' soul o' me, an' thin to be eaten. Tare an' ages! but it's too much kindness that is altogether, Captain dear, an' I shall be clane ate up wid it."

"No, no. You don't understand me, my man. The natives on the Island of Erronan are perfectly friendly and quiet. You'll be just like a king over them, for I'll give you everything that you can possibly want. Now, come, I'll put it down on paper and sign it, as a gift to you in lieu of your wages. Let me see, we shall be two months more on our cruise; so I'll put down first two months' rations, also a couple of pigs, for there arn't any on the island, I believe; then there are carpenters' tools, nails, fish-hooks, pipes, and tobacco, and—"

"And a small keg of rum; thank yer honour kindly."

"Rum! Well you shall have a two-gallon keg. What next?"

“And a bucket, yer honour, to put them things in.”

“Yes; well, and you’ll want some calicoes. I’ll spare you some; and an old sail will come in handy.”

“Yes, your honour, and a” (chuckling) “and a” (chuckling).

“What the h—— are you grinning at?”

“Beg yer honour’s pardon—and a” (chuckling) “pistol, yer honour, and some powder, balls, and caps.”

“D—— it, man, you’ll never have done.”

“And what tools will yer honour give me?”

“Well, come! You shall have your own choice of as many tools and nails as you can carry in a bucket.”

“Thank yer honour. And how many pipes and fish-hooks?”

“There’s a box that has been broached somewhere; I’ll give you that. It contains about half-a-gross of pipes, and I’ll fill it up with tobacco and fish-hooks and other things for you.

And anything else you can think of in the meantime I'll add if I can. Will you agree to this plan?"

"Yes, yer honour; be the mither of G----d I will; an' here's me hand on it. I'll tell me shipmates afore I laves the ship that I'm sartin sure you didn't wish for to kill me dead."

"Good day, my man. And you may tell the steward to serve out an extra tot of rum to the hands, to drink your health before you go."

CHAPTER XIII.

ALL ALONE.

THE Irish seaman was standing all alone on the shelving beach of a little bay, in the Island of Erronan, with his eyes fixed on a boat that was being rapidly rowed back towards a large vessel that slowly sailed "off and on" in the wind, at a short distance from the shore.

Close behind him there lay a small keg of rum on a tarpaulin bundle, a wooden box or two, and a bucket full of carpenter's tools and nails. A few paces further off two pigs, with their feet tied

together, rolled helplessly on their backs, grunting pathetically or squealing angrily, turn and turn about, as they every now and then kicked up the scorching sand in paroxysms of indignation against their ignominious treatment, but they did not succeed in attracting the Irishman's attention.

"Och ! mither of G—d ! and it's alone I am entirely !" said he, with that whimsical-musing sort of pathos so peculiar to his race.

"But begorra ! yer could-hearted villain of a Captain, an' yer murdering crew of thieves, sure yer may go to blazes ivery mither's son o' ye, and the d—l a one o' me 'ill take ony notice o' yer now."

"Arrah ! but it's a killing kind of a place this sure," said he, surveying the stern wall of rock that formed the principal feature of the island.

"An' I shall be obliged to die here.

"Tare an' ages !" he continued, abruptly ; "but I'll be having the hoith of the savage cannibals aroun' me soon. An' may be," he added,

mournfully, "they'll roast the flesh of me an' ate me clean up, an' there'll be sorra a Christian man to wake the could remains of me half-eaten corpse.

"Oh, Alanah! Alanah!" and he burst into the low, subdued wail of some Irish keen which, however, gradually rose into a yell so truly terrific as to startle the birds from the thickets around him.

A pair of black eyes, shining through the dark undergrowth at some little distance, had been all this time closely watching his every movement. They were the eyes of Godamah, the principal chief of the island. Godamah had noticed the manœuvres of the ship, but as yet he was unable to determine whether she had left the seaman on the island alone or intended returning, and perhaps leaving other men there with him. The packages and pigs which had been landed with the seaman inclined him towards the latter supposition. He had been on several occasions deeply impressed with the superiority exhibited

by white men as a body, but he knew that solitary individuals might be easily overcome, provided their influence with the natives was completely checked in the bud. He had, moreover, learnt, from personal experience, that their flesh would afford very tolerable food, though the meat was of a somewhat bitter flavour.

Thus he resolved in his own mind on practising the wise policy of leaving him to himself and tabooing all intercourse between him and his own subjects; at all events for a time, till he could ascertain, by a cautious observation of his actions, the real purpose of his having been placed among them. Unfortunately for him the Irishman's yells, which, as we have said, startled away several birds, disturbed one of those minute species of swallows which are common among these islands, close to the thicket in which he lay concealed, and, as it flew screaming away, the Irishman seized the opportunity to try the range of his pistol. He shot at it, and the spent ball fell almost on the head of the savage, who,

not having noticed the bird, believed himself to have been the object of a sudden assault; he therefore jumped hastily to his feet, with the intention of beating a rapid retreat. His toes, however, getting entangled in the low brushwood, he fell to the ground, and before he could recover himself, the Irishman was standing over him, with his smoking pistol in one hand and with his seaman's knife in the other, which he brandished fiercely, backwards and forwards across his face, in a most theatrical manner.

"Yer ondacent block scoundril, with niver a pair of breeches on; I'll pepper yer for yer bod manners," said he, and he tied his thumbs together with a bit of string and slowly dragged him along towards the beach.

"An' what will I do wid yer now that I've shot yer; sure it's meself doesn't know," and he examined the native's long finger and toe nails, and then sat down, lit his pipe, and began to ruminate upon what he should do.

"Be the soul of me grandmither!" he sud-

denly exclaimed, "I have it; I'll make a jintleman o' yer. I'll not keep company wid an ondacent son of a gun," and he loaded his pistol, and tapping it significantly in front of Godamah's eyes, proceeded to take out of his tarpaulin bundle a pair of canvas trousers, which he drew on the limbs of the savage.

"Begorra, but the cove's a fat 'un," and he patted him good naturedly on the back, and twitted him affectionately by the nose.

"Bedad! but I'll complete his toilet and shave him like a lord," and he performed the office of a barber, too, without doing much damage to his headpiece, cutting his whiskers into a sort of ornamental dog-tooth pattern, and leaving a long point to his beard, shaped like a comma.

The Irishman was perfectly aware that most natives are far more afraid of superstitious ceremonies than even of death itself; so he taxed his inventive genius into a conception of some religious mystery which should insure the safety of his goods and chattels. Having placed all his

things in a single heap round the two pigs, he took from his bucket of tools a large augur, and laying it on the ground at the native's feet, he uttered a number of Irish oaths in a solemn voice over it, with various strange gestures of his arms; then reverently lifting it up, he described a large circle in the sand round the packages, and making the chief walk round the circle, he stopped every now and then, and holding Godamah's hands towards the heap in the middle, he shouted out emphatically, the mystic words, "Taboo," "Taboo."

This done, he emptied his bucket on the sand inside the circle, and taking it with him, made signs to the chief that he was in want of water. The chief appeared to understand him, and after some hesitation, walked off into the interior of the island, followed by the Irishman, with the bucket in one hand, and the pistol in the other.

After proceeding some distance up the hilly country, they came upon a half-beaten track, which led to a small stream, dammed up into a

pool. Here the Irishman took a long draught of water and filled his bucket ; he unfastened the chief's hands and gave him a pipe and some tobacco, as a present, and slowly sauntered back alone to his pigs and other belongings.

He believed he had made sufficiently friendly advances towards the native to insure his returning, and probably bringing others with him. However, none came ; so he employed himself with choosing a convenient place on which to erect a little wigwam with branches of trees and fern leaves. The spot he fixed upon was about half way between the stream of water and the seashore ; here he carried up all his things and tethered his pigs by their feet. He had sufficient sense to resist the temptation of broaching his keg of rum that night, and he slept between his pigs in security and tranquillity, if not in absolute comfort.

The next day he breakfasted off a cocoa nut or two, and continued leisurely to work at his wigwam. At dinner he took out a piece of his salt

beef, and making a fire, he cooked it, washing it down with a deep draught of his favourite beverage. He carefully filled up the keg with water—an Irish expedient for making the rum last the longer—and committing himself to the saints, he resumed his labours by digging a deep hole just outside his hut to answer the purpose of a cellar, in which to place his salt provisions and biscuit.

For some days he did not much regret that the natives left him undisturbed to his work. His occupations were various and pressing; but he was somewhat perplexed at their doing so, knowing, as he did, that they are generally brimful of curiosity at anything with which a white man is concerned. But when he found they systematically pursued this line of conduct and that though a week had slipped by, he had never yet managed to hold any sort of communication with them, notwithstanding the various devices and expedients which he had put in practice for that object; and that still, as ever, if he ap-

proached them unawares, they invariably either ran away from him with the utmost precipitation, or else rapidly collected together in a formidable body, prepared to resist his friendly advances with tokens of the most decided hostility, the poor seaman began to grow very dejected and low spirited, and even to find his life an uncommonly slow and irksome sort of affair. Alas ! his keg of rum was now reduced into one of pure water, having, it is true, a flavour of rotten wood, so that no species of excitement could he ever hope to get out of it again.

“ Alanah ! Alanah ! ” He began to bewail bitterly his solitary condition ; aye, and at times even to wish that the natives would take it into their heads to eat him, for the sake of the slight trembling emotion which such a proceeding might possibly give rise to in his breast.

“ Is it the King of the Cannibal Islands yer maned me to be, yer ould thief of a captain ? ”

Sure now, yer were given to blarney a few, I'm a thinking.

“ Well! I'm a Catholic Saint, a starving the soul of me in solitude for the gude o' me body; I am. But I'll bear it like a man, I will, an' the saints be marciful to me!”

And he relapsed again into gloomy silence.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARY.

ONE afternoon the Irishman, who had been dozing away most of the day under the shade, suddenly aroused himself out of the deep despondency into which he had gradually sunk.

“An’ it’s me that cares for their taboo, is it? Bod luck to it. Arrah! but I’ll divart meself wid a bit of a dance.

“Or will I take a cruise of inspection in the enemy’s camp?

“Begorra, I wouldn’t give a trauneen for ’em

all. Be the mass ! I'll be off, av it cost me my life."

He proceeded to his hut, and having supplied himself with an extra pipe, and a fish hook or two, and a small strip of coloured calico, he started off on an expedition, the object of which was to glean stealthily some information respecting the natives.

After a long, fatiguing walk over the rough broken land of the interior, he turned off and descended a beautiful valley, which led down to a little bay on the north shore.

Here he wandered cautiously about amid the dense tree ferns and under the luxuriant groves of cocoa nut trees, till, from the sounds and voices he heard in front of him, he guessed he was approaching a native village.

He hastily concealed himself in a thicket of low ferns, intermixed with bananas and plantains ; and having stripped off a good supply of their golden coloured fruit, he crawled on his hands and knees to a sheltered spot, from which

he could distinctly see an open space near the sea, on which a few native whares had been erected.

There were no natives near him. The voices and sounds he had heard in front of him proceeded from some eight or ten canoes, which were busy fishing at some little distance from the shore.

"An' sure this will I convart into a post of observation," said he, arranging this sheltered spot so as to screen himself from the eyes of any wandering native.

"An' I'll sit me down an' eat me fruit, an' enjoy meself wid a whiff of baccy."

The native sounds and laughter, which every now and then broke on his ears, seemed to him like pleasant music—a music which after a time lulled him to sleep.

He had not long fallen asleep, when a strange vision seemed to take possession of his mind. He dreamt he was lying on the ground, bound to a stake, with fagots of wood around him;

and then he saw a number of fantastically shaped savages gradually approaching him, with lighted torches in their hands. They laughed, they grinned, and ogled each other, while an infernal glow of diabolic passion seemed to shoot from their eyes, as they drew slowly towards him; he was fascinated with fear. Yes, they had bound him as he slept, and were now on the point of roasting him over a slow fire; and that was the devilish lust for human flesh that sparkled so brightly in their liquid, shark-like eyes. He remained for some time spell-bound, terror-stricken, literally frozen with horror; but at length, by an almost superhuman effort, he broke loose from the stake to which he had been bound, and—awoke.

“But it’s in purgatory I’ve been,” said he, staring about him in the greatest bewilderment. “Faix! but I thought me bacon was cooked for me; but begorra it was only a dhream, thank God!”

While he had been dozing and dreaming,

several natives had arrived at the open place in front of him. They were now talking energetically to each other, standing or sitting close to their whares, and not very far from the spot where he lay concealed. Among them he noticed the very native whom he had previously forced to strike up an acquaintance with him, and he perceived by their actions—for he could not understand a word they said—that this native, Godamah, was a chief of great authority over them.

The natives who had been fishing in their canoes, paddled in towards the beach, and were greeted with the usual chorus of joyful shrieks by a number of their sympathising companions who were watching them from the shore.

These canoes were very simply constructed; a large narrow hole was cut longitudinally into a thick log of wood, one end of which was burnt off into a point, so as to form a rude imitation of a boat's bows. To this clumsy affair, an outrigger was attached, formed by a small log of

wood floating to port, and firmly fastened to the side of the canoe by a few crossbars of wood. This outrigger was absolutely necessary, for, otherwise, from its extreme narrowness, the motion of paddling would have instantly capsized it.

As they carried the fish—in fern leaves plaited into baskets—up to the village, where Godamah and a few patriarchal looking natives were now sitting lazily together and surveying the scene, the younger ones frolicked about in all directions, laughing gaily and clapping their hands, like children.

The fish—which were small, about the size of our gold and silver fish, only infinitely more beautiful, resembling the brilliant colouring of enamel—were placed down in front of Godamah, who was clearly about to partake of his supper.

Godamah, having made a sign of some sort or other, two or three of the young men ran off towards the spot where the Irishman lay concealed; the latter, though greatly alarmed, re-

mained perfectly still, and watched them as they ran past him to a grove of palm trees, and climbed, or rather walked up their long thin trunks on the points of their toes, like monkeys, and returned laden with green cocoa nuts. They tore off the outer covering with their strong teeth, which resembled the fangs of a wolf, and then piercing the eyes of the nuts with a shark's tooth, they offered them to Godamah and his ancients.

Surely no other beverage is so grateful to the palate as the sweet, yet acid milk of the cocoa nut when green, and after its thin shell is broken, nothing is so delicious as the soft, white, creamy, jelly-like substance within, unless it is the Papoi apple, which abounds here, and which is, in size and colour, like a large, smooth, golden melon, while in flavour it is refined and full, like a ripe pear, mingled with pine apple.

They were a long time over their repast, though they ate the fish raw. Godamah always helped himself first, so that the Irishman felt convinced

that he was their chief, and began to meditate upon the best way of deposing him, and seating himself on the throne in his place. He, however, thought that in the meantime he had better remove his quarters a little further away, lest he should be discovered, for the natives began moving about in all directions, now that supper was over.

The hot sun was just preparing to rest his blood red head on the cool, calm bosom of the slumbering ocean, who was secretly lifting up from her bed a few cloud curtains of exquisitely soft green and gold to hide him, when the poor seaman, half intoxicated with rage at his own solitary condition, as contrasted with the seeming happiness of these artless savages, wandered slowly back towards his own wigwam, through the flowery vegetation, which was now lit up by the last glowing rays of the setting sun.

He had not proceeded far, when he came suddenly upon a rude native whare, which stood half concealed in the rich underwood. Cautiously

approaching, he entered it softly, and to his utter amazement, found a native maiden therein, lying asleep and alone. Silently, and without moving, he gazed for some moments on the perfect picture she presented.

She was very beautiful, was this light vested daughter of Erronan; a child of eight years old, and yet a woman fully developed. Her figure was elastic in the highest degree with that indefinable waviness and graceful pliancy that is only to be seen in savage life. The rich brown tint of her limbs which, delicate and beautifully modelled, reposed lightly on the leafy floor, carpeted with flowers, and the delicacy of polish and smoothness of her skin, half exposed, caused her to resemble rather some wonderful piece of motionless statuary -- the ideal of perpetual youth, which nevertheless was sombred by the softening influence of age -- while her hair, which was black and glossy as the war-hawk's wing, nestled her head and well formed shoulders with its curls, and converted the ideal into the actual

living reality. Childlike innocence, native simplicity, and gracefulness, all blended harmoniously in her person, and surely these qualities were amply sufficient of themselves to inspire with love and respect; in short, to captivate a mind far more refined by education than that of an old weather-beaten sailor's was at all likely to be.

The result then of his ardent gaze was, under the circumstances, such as might be readily conjectured, and he determined to take advantage of the opportunity thus conveniently offered to him of making friends with her.

Silently advancing, he sat by her side, and taking from his pocket the broad strip of coloured calico, he lightly flung it over her graceful limbs, and raising her up, he placed her on his knee.

She awoke, but he held her firmly in his arms, and caressing her, gradually soothed away her alarm with his tenderness, and subsequently prevailed upon her to accompany him back to his wigwam.

Joyfully this lost descendant of Adam returned to his home, holding his Eve by her hand. In truth, it was a Paradise regained for him, and a change had come over the spirit of his existence, transforming a wilderness of beauty to a garden of love and enjoyment. He called her Mary, and finding that she was the sister of the young chief, Godamah, he made, through her medium, various presents to this young chief, and eventually succeeded in gaining his friendship and support.

Like all old seamen, he was extremely ingenious, and he now set to work to convert his hut, which was well situated on the only even ground that the island afforded, into a comfortable bungalow.

He collected together, and planted in a single plot of rich soil—which had been formed close at hand by the decaying trees and tropical flora—many of the wild fruits and vegetables that lay scattered over the island.

And not content with this, he began the manu-

facture of a canoe. He cut out the heart of the largest tree he could find growing near the sea, and with pegs, made out of the hard, iron-like wood of some of the trees, he carefully nailed along the sides of the now hollowed log some long and broad strips of thick bark, sewn strongly together, so as to form high serviceable sides to it.

The constant employment which he thus gave himself had for its motive power love—love for Mary. He loved her; therefore he never allowed her to work, as is the custom with all married women among the natives, who are compelled by their lazy lords to do all that is needful to be done, such as providing food—which, by the way, is not difficult where nature herself has already provided a banquet—or carrying down water from the hills, or otherwise contributing to their little wants. He loved her with an exalted love, for surely we are justified in calling it such, when we remember that the loved one was but a native girl, utterly defenceless, and that the lover was

an old, hardened, drink-loving mutineer, utterly depraved. He loved her, and was richly rewarded for it by the very strength of his passion, which rendered him happy in his work, which triumphed over his burning lust for drink, and which conquered even that dreadful restlessness, that uneasy yearning after excitement, which is fostered by a life at sea, if of any duration.

Yes, he was supremely happy; but happiness such as this is seldom lasting. It is a proverbially unnatural condition, which the Gods do not often allow to fall to the lot of poor frail man—

*"For Fate has woven the thread of life with pain,
And twins e'en from the birth are misery and man."*

Such being the case, what wonder that this happiness was but a short lived affair after all. Yes, even though it concerned a poor loving weather-beaten old seaman, who had never in his life before even so much as smelt the odour of happiness.

Alas! the real life of his soul—his wife died!

She died in child birth, but left behind her a daughter to comfort him. Poor bereaved husband! what wonder that the birth of a daughter seemed to his excitable and superstitious temperament as a final act of devotion on her part; as something strange and mysterious, he knew not what. He called it "Mary," after its mother, whom he had, soon after his marriage, endeavoured to christianise, and whom he had, before her death, even gone the length of baptising, after some imperfectly understood ceremony of his own device.

He struggled hard—as none but they who are accustomed to struggle patiently against the tempests of the ocean can—to turn aside the strong current of his affection from the dead mother to the living child.

Strange to say, he succeeded in doing so at length, and the wild passions of his former life still slumbered, whilst he loved the child with even greater fervour than he had loved the mother.

He had recovered from this blow which had been struck at him by the hand of a God ; he had succeeded in turning aside the current of his love ; but alas ! the religious side of his character was so strongly imbued with superstition, that by a gradual process the purity of his affections became transformed into a black and gross idolatry.

The mother he had loved as an equal, or even as an inferior being ; but the child he loved as a superior, as a prodigy, as a God.

In his fanaticism, he called her the Virgin Mary, and worshipped the child as the mother of our Lord.

In his madness he subsequently called her Jesus Christ, and placing her on a shrine, he fell down before her in adoration.

His madness grew slowly out of his fanaticism, and the simple natives stood by and watched him, pitied and loved him, and would probably, in their turn, have worshipped him in his ravings, had they not feared him.

Owing to the gradual growth of the malady, his madness had a foreboding power in it, for he made a coffin for himself, and having dug a pit near the tomb of his wife, he placed it therein.

One evening, having solemnly tabooed his child in the presence of Godamah and the other chiefs, he crawled out of his hut, and creeping along, approached the grave, for he felt the hand of death was upon him.

The next morning, Godamah, visiting him as usual, found the hut deserted. He took little "Jesus Christ," as the baby was ever afterwards called by the natives, to his own hut; and there, whilst her father and mother slept that sleep from which there is no awaking, she lived with Godamah and his wives, and with them worshipped the moon and the stars.

CHAPTER XV.

"JASUS."

WHEN years roll on, one after the other, with no diversifying incidents to break through the monotony of their course, or to mark their onward progress, time passes away almost imperceptibly, and the child whom we left with Godamah and his wives, soon became a pretty little girl of some eight years old.

She was universally looked upon as a sort of goddess by the natives, but this did not entirely protect her from the presumptuous Godamah who

viewed himself in the light of a very great god indeed. *

He was her match, at least, and therefore he proposed to contract a matrimonial alliance with her.

He allowed however that she was his equal and thus he was led to consider it only fair that her tastes and inclinations, as well as his own, should be consulted a little in the matter. So he courted her in proper style, instead of making use of his kingly prerogative of arbitrary power.

For some time this courting process was carried on with mutual satisfaction, apparently, to both parties, and she expressed herself as being perfectly willing to become one of his wives.

One of the native priests, we presume actuated by a sense of propriety, now bade Godamah remember that the time had arrived when it would be only befitting to culminate the matter in a

* Mr. Haslewood says "There appears to be no certain line of demarcation between departed spirits and gods, nor between gods and living men, for many of the old chiefs and priests are considered as sacred persons, and not a few of them will also claim to themselves the right of Divinity."

formal marriage; but no sooner had the real purpose of Godamah's civilities been clearly explained to the little girl than she showed various unmistakeable signs of an evident dislike to his person. In fact she manifested a certain strange sort of timidity which none of the natives could in the least comprehend, having never before witnessed it in any of their women.

Not only were Godamah's feelings deeply wounded, but his very dignity was offended, when he found that this extraordinary conduct, on her part, was rapidly growing into a fear and even hatred of his presence.

Being as passionately in love with her as a savage can be, he began to think himself a fool for his pains and that force would be a much better argument to employ in future; to this end he called a grand korreraw to decide upon it; for Godamah, though a god, was a very superstitious one, and thought it desirable where a female deity was concerned to consult his clergy and nobility.

The nobility consisted of two petty chiefs, Patapah and Naruah, who were both of them very jealous of Godamah. The clergy consisted of an archbishop and a young deacon. The latter was candidate for the archbishopric whenever it should become vacant.

The former was a regular "old Papisher," literally bursting with "pride of office." He was inflexible where the honour of his god "Ove"* (who lived somewhere up in the moon), was concerned and with whom he considered himself mystically united.

The conscience of the deacon was far more flexible. His views were scarcely orthodox. In fact they wandered towards the other extreme of "Record-ism." He was the professed servant of the Departed who dwelt in the stars, and as these "Departed" were the souls of different orders of creation from the worm and the insect

*The Rev. Mr. Hunt, says "Of their numerous deities the most generally known is Ove who is considered the maker of all men and is supposed to reside in the heavens, or, as some say, in the Moon." The sun shines only in the day time when it is light, and therefore is "no good" and need not be worshipped.

to the fish and the bird, it was clear that each had a very different way of looking upon things in general.* The deacon thanked his stars for this curious coincidence, as it of course enabled him invariably to hit upon at least one or two out of their number who thought precisely in accordance with Godamah. Aye, he "thanked his stars" for it; and if he read them rightly it would never be otherwise, for while there was no knowing what cruelties *might* be inflicted upon him by his chief, if offended, he was quite sure on the other hand of receiving a handsome present whenever his divinations were favourable.

Such were the principal dignitaries, ecclesiastical and otherwise, who were present at this most important korreraw. The commons were also summoned to attend. They were not allowed to take any part in the debates except by in-

* Captain Erskine says "The Feegeean notions of immortality are, however, much more extended than those of their neighbours, as they believe not only in the future existence of mankind, but in that of the brute animals and even of inanimate objects, which when worn out or destroyed are said to go to Bulu (or Heaven), for the use, probably of the immortal souls of men."

discriminately applauding all the speeches that were made, but their good-will was carefully secured by means of a capital feast which formed the commencement.

At the conclusion of the repast, which was occasionally composed of one or two Papuan slaves who had been killed and nicely grilled, Godamah opened the case with a long speech, the conclusion of which was to the effect that no woman could really dislike to be the wife of the greatest chief, "and," said he, "what has the dislike of a woman got to do with the determinations of so great a man" as himself.

To this Patapah and Naruah spitefully replied, that since she was a deity and the daughter of a white man she ought to be allowed to choose her own husband, as the white man had intended by tabooing her.

These preliminaries having been gone through, it was time for the great Ove to decide the controversy by an announcement made through the mouth of his servant, the old priest, who

therefore gave the usual signal to the deacon to bring the mysterious cava bowl out of its hiding place.

Several young girls now came forward and having rinsed out their mouths, washed their teeth, &c., commenced their part of the ceremony by chewing with the greatest solemnity a quantity of the roots of the yam, &c., which they spat into the bowl, where it was mixed up, by the deacon, with a little pure water.

The priest having stood up in front of this sacramental mess, soon began to tremble and shake, so that one might have supposed he was attacked with a violent fit of agueish shiverings, but this was the efficacious mystery, the dread real presence of the god Ove, who, it seems always exerts a muscular influence over his priests when about to communicate to them a portion of the divine truth.*

* Captain Erskine says "The power of receiving inspiration and of announcing the will of the deity during a violent fit of muscular or nervous shaking, supposed to betoken the possession of his body by the spirit, is a necessary qualification for the priestly office."

As he shook himself almost to pieces, he jerked out of his mouth from time to time, a few ambiguous sentences, which meant neither one thing nor another, and then striking the ground with a staff as a sign that the spirit had suddenly left him, he sank down exhausted, and took a good long pull at the cava bowl to replenish his strength after the great exertions he had undergone.

The bowl was now handed gravely round from one to the other, but notwithstanding the stimulant thus applied to their imaginations (for the cava is a very intoxicating beverage) no one not even the priests themselves had the slightest conception of what the great Ove had vouchsafed to tell them. Indeed it was quite evident that the old man had signally and lamentably failed.

What was to be done under these distressing circumstances? It clearly would never do to allow the deacon to be put in communication with the god Ove. Where a *pillar of orthodoxy* had been

unsuccessful it would have been a contumacious proceeding, or to say the least of it, a piece of consummate impertinence, for an *Evangelical divine* to have thrust himself forward.

During this suspense the deacon got up and made a speech. He, having an eye to business, had determined not to content himself with merely shifting all grounds of reproach from the shoulders of the priesthood to the people. After emphatically declaring that *the people* had so frequently proved themselves regardless of the commands of the great Ove and of the counsels of his priest, that doubtless his indignation was aroused and he was quite indifferent to their doings; he concluded by pointedly thanking his *Stars* that they had not yet deserted them.

The old priest immediately added that Ove himself was extremely fond of eating nice little girls* and counselled them that perhaps the wisest course for them to pursue under these

* Mr. Haslewood says "They consider the gods as beings of like passions with themselves. They love, and kill, and eat each other, and are in fact, savages."

alarming circumstances would be to hand her over to him—the servant of the all wise one—he promising to sacrifice her quite comfortably to Ove, when no one was present.

This, however, did not quite fall in with Godamah's views, who maintained that the god had, by his silence, clearly left it to him to decide; but, if it was their opinion that Ove wanted a sacrifice, in that case he would prefer the old priest and the young deacon to sacrifice each other, as being the two most sanctified personages among them, but that they certainly should not touch the little girl.

The sanctified ones taking the hint, suffered the sacrificial part of the business to remain in abeyance, and as regards the matter of matrimony it is quite impossible to say what would have been the result had not an event occurred at that time which very materially altered the whole aspect of affairs.

This event was the sudden appearance of the mission bark "the John Williams," with Ru and

his wife, who were left on the island as Christian teachers, with such things as they wanted for their new home.

Having ascertained all the circumstances connected with this little girl, Ru took her to his own house, that is to the bungalow which her father had erected, and of which Ru immediately took possession.

Scarcely had the child come to live with them than they discovered that she in reality loved Godamah and that her "dislike" was but a strange phase of a quality utterly unknown to the natives, but which white men call "shame" or "modesty."

Shame! Strange hereditary instinct, which had been planted in this garden of Eden!

Modesty! Strange exotic virtue, incomprehensible to the natives, for with them it is but a rudimentary feeling scarcely akin to it, and so limited as to be analogous in fact to the proportionate amount of clothing they wear.

What was to be done? His wife taught her to make and to wear long grass clothes and tried hard but in vain to make the other women do the same, while Ru taught her the truths of Christianity and patiently watched the order of events.

Soon it became evident that her mind was failing, and she became gradually idiotic, notwithstanding the many friendly attempts which they made, not only to give occupation to her mind and body, but also to arrange a marriage between herself and Godamah.

But they failed in their endeavours and even Godamah held himself aloof from them, apparently comforting himself by viewing the whole affair as a piece of bedevilment, and he continues to the present time to worship the moon and the stars and to exhibit a jealous hatred of the good teacher and his wife.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANEITEUM.

On the nineteenth of May the schooner was in readiness to proceed on her voyage. Her mainsail was repaired, she had filled up with water, and had taken in some seven thousand coconuts, a large quantity of sugar cane of the purple Bourbon species, some sixty or seventy cocks and hens, and a good stock of fruit and vegetables, enough to last the crew at least for a month without touching the regular store.

During the morning the kedge anchor had

been got up and brought on board, and the slack of the anchor chain had been heaved in short, so that all was in readiness for starting away as soon as the ceremony of leave taking was completed.

Ru came on board precisely at eight bells. He brought his wife with him, and "Jesus Christ," whose story has caused this digression. He was escorted by every canoe that the island could boast of, filled literally to overflowing with natives. Even the Chief Godamah made his appearance, and to him both the Captain and Ru determined to pay particular attention.

Ru and his wife and the three chiefs, having scrambled over the side of the vessel, the former presented the Captain with a hat made by the natives of a sort of bamboo matting, which the latter immediately put on, having lost his hat some time ago in a gale of wind. Mrs. Ru presented the Captain with some ladies' collars which she had made herself, having been taught to crochet when on board the missionary ship. She had, however, long ago used up all her cotton,

and had broken her needles, she therefore thought these collars were masterpieces of ingenuity, and the Captain was obliged to fall into raptures of admiration. He did not like to put them exactly round his neck, so he used them instead as wristbands, which did just as well, judging from the proud look of satisfaction which immediately passed between Mrs. Ru and her affectionate, brown little spouse.

After this followed a general interchange of presents between the Captain and the chiefs, amidst thunders of applause from the natives.

The Chief Godamah, who had received several presents, and to whom the Captain had shown more attention than to even Naruah and Patapah, was gradually won over from his accustomed bad humour, and this Ru took every opportunity to encourage. He asked him to get some of his warriors on board the vessel and to lead off with his war dance, and this request, which evidently gratified his self-conceit, he immediately complied with.

There were ten native warriors in double file, and they sung as they danced—a wild, monotonous chaunt, like the wail of a bag-pipe.

The dance consisted of “marking time” at the “double quick,” and every now and then performing with great rapidity that figure which, in the ball-room, is usually termed *chasses croises*; the whole being accompanied with a few funny etceteras, such as *e. g.*, flinging their arms up violently in the air, or whirling them round their heads windmill fashion, preparatory to what we may rudely describe as “spanking” each other.

This dancing and singing, in which Charlie and Tony joined, became so uproarious as to threaten damage to the little vessel. Her masts trembled and shook, and her decks groaned aloud at the rough treatment.

The Captain, in order to put an end to it without hurting any one's feelings, took out his sextant and ordered the dancing to be discontinued while he, with great deliberation, pretended to take an important observation of the

sun's altitude. Godamah, who we presume had a superstitious reverence for the sun, if he did not exactly worship it, evidently supposed he was paying his adorations to that luminary. He therefore nudged Ru with an air of supreme triumph, and drew nearer and nearer to watch the new method of worship.

The Captain, who had not been unobservant of this little side play, pointed to the eye hole of the sextant, and bade him look through it. He did so, and his face expressed the greatest consternation when he saw the red sun glowing on the horizon, as if it were setting.

Ru, whose intelligence was of course far above that of Godamah, also looked through, and observing the consternation depicted on Godamah's countenance, told him in a sarcastic tone that the sun was doubtless red and angry because he had not prayed to it lately.

All natives have a profound aversion to being ridiculed by one another in the presence of white men, and Godamah, forgetting that the Captain

could not understand a single word that had been said, uttered a howl of rage, jumped into his canoe and vanished.

The mainsail was now set, and while the anchor was being weighed Ru and the others wished the Captain and crew farewell, and scrambled back into their canoes with the things which had been given them, while the natives stood up in their cockle shells, looking very woe begone, as though the very light of their life was about to be extinguished for ever.

Having thus taken leave of the little Island of Erronan, we beg to assure our readers that we have no intention of following the crew of the "Mary Ira" through all their wanderings. Their doings were, no doubt, highly interesting to themselves in a commercial point of view, but they would scarcely be so to others. A few words, however, about the whole group of islands, and about the Island of Aneiteum, in particular, which was the next visited by the schooner, may be of interest.

The northern islands of the group of the New Hebrides were first discovered by that great navigator, Quiros, in 1606, and Captain Cook informs us "they were then, and not without reason, considered as part of the Southern Continent, which at that time and until very lately, was supposed to exist. They were next visited by Mons. de Bougainville in 1768, who, besides landing at the Isle of Lepers, did no more than discover that the land was not connected, but composed of islands, which he called the Great Cyclades. But as—besides ascertaining the extent and situation of these islands—we added to them several new ones, which were not known before, and explored the whole, I think we have obtained the right to name them, and shall in future distinguish them by the name of the New Hebrides."

Of the five southern islands of this group, Eromango is the largest; the two next in size are Tana and Aneiteum; whilst the two smallest are Nina and Erronan.

In 1828 sandal-wood was discovered at Eromango. In 1839 the Rev. John Williams was treacherously slain there. In 1842 a forcible expedition for the purpose of obtaining sandal-wood was made there by a Mr. Henry and a Mr. Scott. Since then the natives have been effectually cowed by the occasional presence of our men-of-war, and mission stations have been firmly established there and at the island of Tana, by the London Missionary Society and by the Scotch Mission.

Captain Erskine tells us that the soil of these islands is generally "of exuberant fertility, but during the damp season fever and ague prevail among strangers." The natives themselves suffer greatly at Aneiteum, but Erronan is quite exceptional in this respect. The climate of this island is so salubrious that it is, we understand, intended to form there a sort of hospital residence for the benefit of the numerous missionaries around.

At Aneiteum, a trading station was formed by a Mr. Paddon in 1850, in a most picturesque and

tolerably secure harbour, called Port Inyang. Here it was that Mr. Gedder, a missionary, whose name is well known, resided for many years, beloved and honoured by the natives, who built for him a church and schools. At the present time there are two trading stations at Port Inyang, where, also, Mr. Gedder resides; while at the north of the island, another missionary station has been planted for the Reverend John Ingliss,* who is also greatly respected.

In most of the sketches which have been given of this beautiful harbour, the whaling station of Mr. Underhill (formerly Mr. Paddon's) only is visible—viz., that on the little sandy islet which shuts in the harbour. The missionary buildings, which are surrounded by several pretty native houses, front the harbour, while the second station (for sandal-

* The Rev. John Ingliss, speaking of the Island of Aneiteum, says,—‘A native was one day listening to an oral translation of the flood made by one of the missionaries; he appeared particularly attentive, and at last said ‘stop; that is almost the same as our account,’ and after detailing their tradition, he added, ‘but your forefathers having written an account for you, whilst ours having only told it to their children, yours must be more correct than ours.’”

wood), which belongs to Mr. Dauson, is on the extreme right, near a fresh water stream. The captain of the "Mary Ira," who called there on leaving Erronan, was most kindly received by both these gentlemen; the former courteously presented him with a couple of gallons of whale oil for his binnacle lamp, on hearing of his mishap; while the latter gave him much interesting information. At that time Mr. Gedder was absent in England, though expected back shortly. The missionary who had taken his place, the Reverend Mr. McCulloch, showed him over the church and schools, which were not only well built and arranged, but well attended and admirably managed.

The palms of the hands and the soles of the feet of these natives were of a much lighter colour than the rest of their persons. The missionary found extreme difficulty in teaching them anything of an abstract nature; this was evidenced chiefly in attempts to convey to them an idea of simple numeration or addition, which

they appeared almost incapable of understanding. Mr. Gedder had translated the New Testament into their own language—a beautiful language, bearing the marks of an oriental origin. The service in the church, and the schools, were of course conducted in the native tongue by the Reverend McCulloch, who appeared to have thoroughly mastered the language during the short period of his residence on the island. Through his kind influence, the Captain was enabled to fill up his little vessel with fruit, in which, however, owing to the intense apathy of the natives, the island was by no means rich. The native chief, whose name was Labella, and whose Christianity was really intelligent, a thing seldom to be seen among these scarcely intelligent races, appeared to be in some difficulties with a portion of his people, who divided their allegiance between him and one of his relations, and these difficulties were being fomented by a clever civilised native, of the name of Nathaniel, who, having been to Sydney, was trying every

means of securing to himself an important position on the island. It is to be hoped that he will be removed elsewhere on the very first occasion that offers.

But it is time we should say a few words on the natives of these islands. The natives of Eromango excel in treachery and cruelty ; those of Tana in boldness and ferocity ; while at Aneiteum, Niua, and Erronan, they appear to be about the average character. We must, however, confine our remarks to the natives of the island of Erronan, with whom we came most in contact.

They are not aboriginal, having been blown away in their canoes many years ago from Horn Island—the native name of which is Fortuna. Finding themselves thus transplanted without any exercise of volition on their part, they came to the conclusion that it was altogether a deception of their senses—a piece of devilry—to be in fact carefully guarded against, and, as the most effectual way of doing so, they, in the first place, killed and ate up the fattest of the aboriginal

Papuan natives, who had given the island some other name; then, in the second place, totally ignoring that name, as the chief part of the illusion that had been thus, as it were, forced upon them, they insisted and still insist upon calling it by the name of their former home—"Fortuna."

"It is interesting to observe," says Erskine, "that even Captain Cook remarked the existence of a separate language in Erronan, which, as it resembled the tongue, he concluded had been brought by the people, who were evidently of another race, from those islands. There can be no doubt now that both Erronan and Immer (or Nina) have at no very distant period been peopled from the eastward; the exact islands being traceable, probably, from the names Fortuna (Horn Island) and Nina (Keppel's Island), with which the involuntary colonisers invested their new homes."

At that time they were, according to tradition,

much more numerous than they are at present. It is not difficult, however, to discover the true cause for this falling off.

Though the climate is so peculiarly salubrious, neither fever nor ague having ever been heard of, yet they are subject to skin diseases, patches of a white leprosy spreading over their bodies, abominable in appearance, but not, in reality, very injurious. Like the Dyack Malays of Borneo, they occasionally show symptoms of that peculiar disease or frenzy called a-muck, though the consequences are not so deadly here, for where a native seems inclined to run a-muck, the others all clear out of his way, instead of getting killed while hunting him to death; hence it usually ends in a long fit of the sulks, followed, occasionally, by death.

“About 1843, for the alleged reason of the prevalence of dysentery, two Samoan teachers and their families were massacred by the Polynesian inhabitants of Fortuna,” says Erskine; but these

diseases are far from being sufficiently common or fatal to account for their rapid diminution from a thousand to only a few hundreds.

Their appearance in general is that of a mixed race, but partaking chiefly of the Malay or Polynesian characteristics. Erskine says "Ethnologists have invented the term 'Negrillo' to distinguish the race of men inhabiting, among other islands, the New Hebrides, from the Feegean and other negroes."

As regards their customs and moral character, we really cannot enter into particulars. We may say, generally, that they resemble the old historic periods of barbaric life, where cannibalism, infanticide, polygamy, and superstition were the normal state of things. The resident teacher—Ru—is attempting, and has to some extent succeeded, in putting down the grosser vices; but, like most of these teachers and even missionaries, he aims at too high a reform.

Their perceptions of right and wrong, having no arena for development, are confined to the simple

meum and *tuum* of personal property (such as their wives, slaves, children, canoes, huts, coconut trees, pigs, poultry, and personal adornments); but even here they have by no means arrived at any principles to be rigidly adhered to,—for if one meddles with the belongings of another, that other, if indifferent, will pass it over, but if it touches his vanity, he will take reprisal, and that, apparently, not so much to satisfy himself as to wound the other's feelings. Hence a canoeless native would rather take from an offender, not his valuable canoe, but some intrinsically worthless bracelet, which, at that time, happened to be more highly prized by the superstitious offender; and it must be remembered, they laugh at each others' superstitions. It seems, in fact, to be rather a matter of feeling than of thinking, and is equivalent to that instinct exhibited by the animal creation towards their belongings, for in these latter vengeance is the chief feeling which produces respect for each other's property; whereas a principle is said to owe its existence to

the will, since it implies the voluntary subjection of it, and also to the understanding, since it is in accordance with reason.

The rapture into which the natives were thrown by the presence of the "Mary Ira" seems a proof of the tame, weary lives led by them. They have so few unsatisfied wants that they have co-relatively no real enjoyment in life; but this satiety forces them into a pretence of gaiety, much in the same way as our own country was once forced, through poverty and latent misery, into "a merry England,"—and as, subsequently, Paris was driven, through the starvation and misery entailed upon her by the excesses of her *noblesse*, into *la gai cité*,—and we might add, like many a moneyless emigrant who has been allured to our colonies by the false representations of others to starve to death, gaily drinking his life out at the "Shanties."

The natives have no valuables, no character, no moral or religious perceptions, to make them grave,

thoughtful, and anxious to that moderate extent which is the concomitant of true happiness.

And, though they would doubtless be wholly unmoved at the penalty of death—exhibiting, as has been said of a somewhat similar race “neither cringing shame for the penalty, nor womanly fear for the death”—we cannot, as they have done, call them “noble,” for it is simply utter shamelessness for the punishment of vice, and brutal recklessness of the blessings of life, which to them is valueless.

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CHAPTER XVII

CONCLUSION..

How great are the changes of public opinion in a few years! Take a trip round the world for change of air, and on your return home you will find how public opinion has been jogging on in the realm of thought as fast as you can have gone your journey.

There is nothing like keeping our eyes open, not only to the little circumstances immediately around us, but also to those of the widest sphere. Most things gain by the enlargement of the

plain of vision ; and the satisfaction of a traveller consists not merely in the enjoyment of variety, but in picking up fresh objects for the almost imperceptible process of mental generalisation ; but a reader is not so much impressed by little circumstances. He passes them lightly over, or what is more, his imagination only supplies him with what he meets with in his own highly artificial state of life ; and herein, perhaps, lies the cause of that difficulty of realising things as they are elsewhere, and of learning that lesson from books of travel and voyage, which actual travel so effectually teaches, viz.—the mistake of narrow mindedness and of bigotry of opinion. Should this be admitted, we trust we may be allowed, by way of a concluding chapter—which either may or may not be read—to ramble on into a few of these generalities.

We started from Auckland, thither we will return. Queen Street is a fine, broad street, though we cannot say it is kept in first-rate order, for evidently the expenses connected with its re-

pairs have been reduced to within very narrow limits. Many of its houses and shops would be considered extremely good in an English town, while the awnings, stretching their coloured stripes above the broad pavements, give it a decidedly foreign look. A new arrival would be reminded of an English watering place, which had been fostered into a dangerously precocious growth by a committee of speculative geniuses, who had come to a stand still for want of the needful ; but after some time he would see other indications which would lead him to surmise that the committee were not so much in want of funds as that they were in that extremely embarrassing condition which arises from a factious and unaccommodating spirit among themselves ; for not only do the internal arrangements of the town, but even the houses themselves, appear to be the result, either of a partial success acquired by the one party over the other, or else of a forced compromise between them. While all workmanship is hurried and incomplete, all "conception"

is of a decidedly eclectic character. There are, however, many exceptions. Some of the banks, government offices, &c., are fine buildings, and the extensive grounds round the "Demesne" are well laid out with gardens, which are opened to the public.

There are two principal roads leading from the town. The one runs to the east, through the village of New Market, and then branches off, on the one side to Onehunga, and on the other to Drury and the South. There is an omnibus which runs some thirteen miles along it, and though towards the further end the driver usually finds the navigation difficult, and the passengers have occasionally to walk by the side of the conveyance for considerable distances, yet, on the whole, the road is a good one, and it is certainly very beautiful, traversing not only patches of fine land, but also, in many parts, wild and bush-like scenery.

Mount Eden, which is only a short distance out of the town, is composed of rocky scoria, and

prisoners are kept constantly employed by the authorities at the stone quarries there, with men keeping guard over them, armed with guns. The other road, the Great Northern Humbug, as it is called, leads out of Auckland, and sweeps along by the head of the harbour over a tract of cold, white, clayey land, covered with small fern and ti-tree. It is made of large fragments of tufa. It is hedged on each side with gorse, and sometimes in the gorse large geraniums may be seen growing wild and full of blossom. Elsewhere it is closed on either side with stone walls, or lofty kauri-wood palings, or simply a ditch. It crosses over many rivulets, with picturesque wooden bridges, and in low spots are to be seen the cabbage tree, and the *phormium tenax*, while lofty flowering grasses wave their white silky heads in the breeze. Here and there, near Auckland, are tolerably good, wooden houses, with willows and large laurel trees. About four miles from the town is the largest—if not the finest—building in the province, a huge lunatic asylum. About

twelve miles further out, the whole country rises into wild, melancholy looking hills, covered with forests of richly coloured foliage, and the road itself becomes almost impassable.

Unless we acknowledge to a leaning towards the principles of Malthus, we must admit that there is something wrong in the present system of promoting emigration from England. It is common enough to hear from new arrivals sudden outbursts of indignation against the treacherous eloquence of some gentlemanly old colonist or other who, it may be, had induced them to emigrate. Now, this old colonist, who probably had been sent to England at the cost of the colony, for the sole purpose of promoting emigration, may have been perfectly sincere in all he said. He may have simply made the mistake (which, by the way, is a very common one), of ascribing worldly success, not to "indomitable energy," but to the circumstances of life. Others again are often heard to express their indignation against the writers of certain persuasive little

pamphlets circulated in England, and which, it seems, act the part of the old colonist in attracting vast numbers to our antipodes. Now, these pamphlets have probably been written by well-meaning men, and certainly they are written in a style affecting the greatest moderation and candour. They magnify, quite unintentionally, perhaps, the resources of the country, and quote the high rates of wages, but they do not at the same time give the whole truth ; for though the rate of wages may have been such as they represent it, no mention is made of the want of stability in all such things, in the colonies ; and also of the fact that, in bad times, the new arrival can get no employment at all, the older hands monopolising everything. It is unfortunate that the persons to whom these books are professedly addressed, are they who would never, we feel sure, entertain, even for a moment, the thought of quitting their own homes. Indeed, we can scarcely expect a well-to-do farmer, with plenty of capital and with a large family, to take so important a

step; and, unless driven to it by necessity, he would be a fool, indeed, to break through all the pleasing associations of a lifetime, and to give up his whole circle of friends, who have grown up with him and around him from childhood. Hence, among the people whom these agents and books really affect, the majority are those who ought never to have left their own homes, and who probably never would have done so had they not been completely befooled by them.

But to look at the bright side of things, there can be no doubt that the life of the wealthy settler on the confines of the bush is one which possesses very many attractions. It is a growing pleasure to live, among all that is rough, wild, and inclement, in an "oasis" of comfort, with a good, but unpretending house, delicious gardens, and sweet pastures, all made by yourself. There are cows, sheep, pigs, and poultry, every vegetable that can be imagined, plenty of wild fruit, such as peaches and grapes, while an abundance of fish can always be had. No want

of the "kai kai" (or food). Sometimes, indeed, it becomes almost a difficulty to know what to do with it. The house, though simply a low cottage of sawn timber, with an irregular growth of supplementary rooms, spreading out around to suit the wants of the increasing members of the family, is yet a perfect home; the centre of every dear thought, associated with the gratification of all simple, pure desires. There they take their rest, there they expect their meals, there they find shade from the mid-day heat, while the smile of welcome greets them on their return from work. Great attention is usually given to make one room in the house more civilised and delightful than one would expect to find in such a place. It is surprising sometimes to see the things that are gradually got together. A library of books, really erudite works, simple and good ornaments, and furniture arranged in good taste proclaim the inmates people of higher cultivation than would be supposed from first appearances.

Domestic happiness, too, of the truest and

firmest kind is well nigh insured to the settler's family. There are no evil attractions outside, drawing the husband to debauchery, the wife to extravagance, and the children to riot. They are all thrown upon one another as their only resource for that social converse so needful for man. Thus bickerings, jealousies, and bad tempers are seldom seen. However, it must not be supposed that they are denied all intercourse with the rest of the world. Visits of friendship and business are constantly made, and strangers are often stopping at the house, asking for hospitality, and a bed for the night.

The settler's life is seldom one of much excitement, or of energetic money-making. He is his own master, in comfortable circumstances, after the first few years of his settling, and only cares to save enough, year by year, for his wife and children, so that in case he leaves this world for a better, they can still manage to get on without him. His cattle increase, and he must thin them, by sending a hundred or two every few

years to market, to be sold by auction. However, there are exceptions to all this. Some employ themselves very briskly in the all important occupation of money-making; it quite depends upon the circumstances of the locality. If the land possess good stiff clay, brickworks may be made to pay; if an abundance of timber near a river, or a creek, saw mills may be set up. If in a district pretty thickly settled over, a store-house for provisions and other necessaries would often answer. If with simply a good water frontage, a cutter may be a means of making a good sum.

About three, or at latest four years ago, there were only two brick-yards in the neighbourhood of Auckland, and bricks were selling at seven pounds a thousand; now, there are upwards of twenty near the town, and bricks are selling at only thirty-five shillings. The clay is peculiar in its property of shrinking. A brick made ten inches, when burnt becomes reduced to eight inches and a half.

A few years ago, carting was a thing that paid

exceedingly well; a man could get one pound a day and more, with the greatest ease. Immediately every one started a cart and horse, so that now it is one of the worst businesses in the town.

Some people, however, manage to make money by getting a light covered cart, filling it with goods, and hawking them about the settled districts.

As regards the *phormium tenax*, it may, perhaps, in time become a marketable article. It contains none of the spinning properties of the European plant, having no fibres that run into equal threads, and therefore it ought not to be called a flax. It is but a mass of small fibres, gummed together by a resinous matter, and containing an oil which has to be extracted. There is, however, a process in use by which this is done, and after paying one pound a ton for the raw material, it can be manufactured by the New Zealand Flax Company, ready baled for shipment in Auckland, under ten pounds. Its value in England, as a good, sound hemp, is, we believe,

superior to the Bombay, yet cheap enough to undersell that which comes from Manilla, Russia, France, and Italy. Should this method be in reality as great a success as it is represented to be, it is hoped that the government will stimulate it as far as possible.

Another resource for the settler, though, of course, entirely depending upon local circumstances, is found in the kouri gum. This gum, which is a transparent, amber-coloured substance, slightly resinous, is found at various depths in the earth in large lumps. It is usually dug for in the high pipe-clayish lands, which are covered with low scrubby ti-tree and ferns. It is supposed to have exuded from the kauri pines, which in former years must have flourished in these places. Its value is much less now than it used to be. It is, however, purchased by the Auckland merchants for about twenty-three pounds per ton. The supply is chiefly furnished by the natives, who collect it in large quantities and carry it in their canoes down the river to the stations.

There is, however, one great drawback in the settler's happiness. There are seldom any places of worship within his reach. Moreover, in the colonies the Church of England is a "missionary" church, rather than an "establishment," as it is with us. It is a misfortune that the voluntary system, as regards the worship of God, is the only one at present in operation, for it certainly appears to work far from satisfactorily.

When a party of settlers agree together to build a church, desiring to have some "means of grace" within their reach—should they be so united as to be able to decide at once upon belonging to any one denomination—they apply to the head-quarters of their sect, and arrange to offer certain voluntary subscriptions annually, provided a good man is sent to them, and some little additional, or supplementary, aid furnished. Sometimes no minister can be sent, but every effort is made to procure one, and perhaps, after waiting some years, they attain the object of their wishes. But should their minister offend the

principal settler by his faithfulness and plain speaking, an influential enemy is made, who endeavours to bring him into trouble with the others, so as to necessitate his removal. It must be said that this does not often occur, for the very obvious reason that the minister very soon learns not to look too severely upon the sins of his more influential patrons, lest he should be thus dislodged. But is this a satisfactory state of things? We give the following fact by way of illustration:—

A district that was rather populous had come to the conclusion to erect a place of worship, but a great difficulty arose from the fact that they were all of different persuasions. Some were Church of England, some Baptists, some Presbyterians, and some Wesleyans. Alas ! for divided Christendom ! However, after some time a bright idea was struck out by one of them, who suggested that each of these denominations should apply to head-quarters for a minister ; that these ministers should take their turns every Sunday

in rotation ; but that on the first occasion that a minister failed to appear the religious body whom he represented should forfeit its right in the chapel. This plan was actually, it seems, carried out, and was for a short time in full working order. In a year's time, however, all had forfeited their right to hold service there, except the Church of England and one of the sects. But what followed? The gradual extinction of the other sects had raised hopes in the survivor of finally obtaining exclusive possession of the chapel. A growing feeling of antipathy arose between it and the Church of England. At length it resolved to effect by stratagem the object in view. Various attempts were made to unseat the priest as he rode to perform the services on alternate Sundays. These, however, not succeeding, more open measures were resorted to. One Sunday he arrived at the chapel, and found a notice put up that no service would be performed that day ; moreover, the doors were locked.

With considerable astonishment he made his

way to the house where the keys were usually kept, but found they had been surreptitiously withdrawn. He sent a message to the principal members of his congregation, and held a short service in front of the chapel door. On the next occasion of his ministration, having taken counsel from others, and finding the key had not been restored, and that the chapel was still locked up, he collected his people as before, and providing himself with an axe, smote the door and cut his way into the church. Thus was it saved to the Church of England.

Now does not all this very materially tend to weaken the independance and authority of the minister's position? and to place those who are learners on a par with, or even above their teachers? It is certainly extremely damaging to the whole theory of the Church of England, and converts its duly ordained clergy into mere lay-preachers, holding their position on sufferance, so that as a part, if you will, of the

KINGDOM of heaven, it becomes reduced, as it were into an American REPUBLIC. Perhaps the settler, from his manner of life, becomes more narrow and republican than the rest of us. Still, we are all impatient of moral control, and St. Paul was exceedingly wise when he refused to be at any man's charge, and preferred to labour with his hands rather than to be in any way dependant upon those to whom he ministered.

A few words, in conclusion, on the subject of missionary labours. We have frequently heard it said that it is on the introduction of Christianity and European manners that the seeds of decimation among the native races are sown. Now this we cannot for a moment allow. We believe their numbers would have decreased nearly as fast, even though they had never heard of Christianity, nor been corrupted by the vices of civilisation ; and this for the very obvious reason that their customs amongst themselves have become so fearful and their practices so abominable, that it, in fact,

seems a matter of surprise to us that they have not, as a race, become long before this utterly extinct.

But, notwithstanding, we very much question whether Christianity has done as much for them as it might, had a more judicious application of its principles been resorted to. Captain Erskine, alluding to Laury's visits to the Friendly and Feegee Islands, says—"that some of the works lately published are so full of exaggerated accounts of the ordinary dangers and privations of a sea voyage, unfounded insinuations of a want of sympathy and protection on the part of the small naval force in these seas, and aggravations of the difficulties under which the business of the mission is carried on, as to repel the reader who desires information on subjects of more interest and higher importance; whilst tedious accounts of love feasts, and of miraculous interferences in favour of the Christians against their spiritual enemies, might almost induce one to suppose that

the effect of missionary success would only be the supplanting of the old superstitions of the natives by almost equally gross superstitions of their own."

We of the Church of England do not look for miracles in these days of enlightenment. Yet, to the uncivilised Jew, we read that signs and wonders were vouchsafed; and hence we may suppose them to have been necessary in order to produce on that barbarous people a sufficiently powerful impression.

The question arises: If miracles were necessary in those days, are they less so now, as regards the uncivilised savage?

The spiritualists do not hesitate to reply in the affirmative.

Thus Mr. Howett, a fair representative of that school, says, "Where is now the favorite boast of the Anglican church, that Christianity once proved by miracles, that proof is sufficient for all time? Here we have the answer from Bishop Colenso. He has found that it is not sufficient

for sharp witted Kaffirs. They refuse to accept Christianity, except on the same conditions that the ancient world accepted it, accompanied by those supernatural evidences which pronounced its divinity. They are right and protestanism is wrong, and must go to school to the spiritualists, if it is not to go to utter ruin."

But is it not a simple fact that the Deity does not, so far as we know, work miracles in these days through the instrumentality of men, and may we not therefore rightly conclude that they are unnecessary; and this is in truth the fact, for the white man is so great a miracle to the poor savage that if he acted up to his whole nature, there would be no need of miraculous interference. The savage has naturally so great a respect for the white man, provided the latter is a sincere Christian, that he unhesitatingly accepts whatever he is told whether intelligible to him or not. His superior knowledge, his arts and sciences and more especially his musical talents, all tell in his favour, so that he ranks as a standing miracle,

and almost in *loco dei*. It is from this and from the absence of miraculous interposition, that we are led in a special manner to regard the christianising and the civilising of the savage as a duty incumbent upon ourselves.

But how is this imposed obligation to be performed by us in the most judicious manner?

We are scarcely justified in forming notions on this important question solely in accordance with our own conceits; especially when we have in the Holy Scriptures a clear and inspired record of the method which the Author of all Wisdom has Himself employed under similar circumstances. Yet, in our opinion, the course pursued by missionaries is not that which a consideration of God's dealings with mankind, preparatory to his reception of christianity, should lead us to adopt. We submit, it is scarcely based upon the wide principles by which the Wisdom of God constructed gradually out of the "base material of a barbarous age the great edifice of the Catholic Church." Theologians tell us that the Christian

dispensation could not have been intelligibly embraced by man without the preparation which the elder dispensation afforded—the Mosaic dispensation being purely theocratic, with a wide though impassable boundary, based upon severe ceremonies and details, which subsequently became, step by step, as the educational progress permitted, less theocratic in its nature with more circumscribed boundaries; till conscience takes the place of legal punishment and till love takes the place of conscience, so that eventually thought and feeling have become identified with action—in Christianity.

That such was the *mode* of procedure we cannot but believe is generally admitted; and history tells us that this same mode was wisely re-instituted by the Roman Catholic Church; for when the overthrow of the Roman Empire occurred by the irruptions of the northern hordes of barbarians, *Christianity* became legally powerful, exacting, and ceremonious, and the Pope acquired temporal authority. Surely we may

argue from this that in these days Christianity should, amongst savage races, assume to some extent a like objective form, as being better suited to their low condition.

In the absence of miracles, where Christianity is left to the support afforded, not by the purity of its truths which cannot be appreciated, but by the power of a higher civilisation which can, it should not only have special laws, theocratic and inflexible, aimed against immorality and impurity and other details, but the very sphere itself should be extended to such limits as shall be both practicable in respect to the present condition of the natives, and yet be so powerful a check to such excesses as pass beyond that sphere as to put an effectual stop to the rapid decadence of the race. These *exoteric* limits, of course, are always capable of being narrowed, as occasion serves, to an *exoteric* circle, and individuals, whenever ripe for the reception of the higher teachings of christianity, can pass from the one to the other.

We know nothing more deplorable than witnessing the effects of the higher and more sacred truths of Christianity when forced into the minds of natives who cannot, even in numbers, rise to the conception of the abstract. The same mistake appears to us to be often made in England by well meaning, but injudicious parents, who expect from their children obedience to the law of Christ, from the motive of love alone, without the wholesome admixture of a little nursery discipline.

Without mentioning the many laws on minor points, and little details of conduct, &c., which should be all inflexibly maintained among the natives, under the severest penalties, we will allude to those which should regulate their excessive immorality.

We firmly believe that the very strict morality which the missionaries attempt to impose upon the natives is too great a strain on their nature, and is the cause of still greater impurity, resulting

in that acceleration of their extinction which we have mentioned. Consideration should be had of their eastern origin, and of the consequent natural predominance of the females over the males, and of the fact that polygamy is in strict harmony with the Old Testament dispensation. The law, we are told, was a schoolmaster, whose discipline was tempered to suit uncivilised man, and whose introduction previous to Christianity seems as necessary now as it was then, not only to his happiness, but also, as it would appear, to his very existence.

It may, perhaps, be objected to this that we are not at liberty thus to set ourselves up as Gods, but, it should be borne in mind, we are speaking of the larger boundary, and that our Saviour tells us that this is exactly what Moses did to the Children of Israel in the matter of divorcement. It was "suffered," though "from the beginning it was not so." It is only by adapting Christianity to the *σκληρο καρδια* of our weak, coloured

brethren, that we can fulfil our obligations to them, and put an end to that which is committing such fearful havoc in their numbers.*

We had expected to find some important information on this subject in the work of Bishop Williams, which has just issued from the Press, entitled "Christianity among the New Zealanders." However valuable the book may be in other respects, we confess to our disappointment in this. There is, however, remarkable testimony in favour of the views we here propound, which will be immediately perceived when we recollect that the subjects of the Bishop's remarks are the Maories of New Zealand, and that his views are, therefore, based on the fact that the proportion of sexes among this race is four men to three women, and that, as regards their customs, polygamy is never practised, ex-

*It is too evident that the prohibition of polygamy necessarily results in the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. The missionaries, while powerful enough to break down polygamy, cannot enforce that which they hoped would replace it. We need scarcely say that promiscuous intercourse is the only sensible way of accounting for the decadence of these races.

cept by a few of their principal chiefs. He says, "While, however, there was some hesitation as to what course should be followed in the case of converts to Christianity, the difficulty was disposed of by the natives themselves. The majority of those concerned were under the influence of higher principles, and without hesitation they put away all their wives but one." We may regard this as admitting in some measure the principle that the narrow sphere of Christianity may be extended on occasions: for he not merely speaks of it as a matter not to be dealt with without "some hesitation," but also as "a difficulty" which was decided by the natives themselves. Why not, then, let them always decide it? Surely those who can be brought under the influence of higher principles sufficient to provoke them into compliance with this Christian precept, would belong to the esoteric circle of which we have been speaking. But our own experience teaches that of *principle* any sort is quite beyond a savage who has not received instruction from his earliest

childhood, and *that* even is necessary for two generations except in very rare instances. Dr. Temple has well shown that it is these first principles, learnt so readily by a child, which are so impossible to inculcate in those who have attained maturity. "In reality," says he, "elementary truths are the hardest of all to learn, unless we pass our childhood in an atmosphere thoroughly impregnated with them; and then we imbibe them unconsciously, and find it difficult to perceive their difficulty." * * * * "He needs to see virtue in the concrete before he can recognise her aspect as a divine idea."

Though we have no direct sympathy with the Roman Catholic body, yet Christianity is Christianity, whether preached by St. Paul or Apollos, and we were curious to learn what course they would pursue in like circumstances, and the following passage from the Bishop's work may have its interest as bearing on the subject.

“The natives believed that a change might be to their advantage, and they gladly availed themselves of the more easy discipline of the Papists, which allowed them to retain much that the missionaries had told them was to be given up. These new teachers gave their sanction to polygamy, and to the practise of tattooing, and they allowed their followers to do various kinds of work on the Sabbath day, and to continue also their old heathenish dances. The consequence was that numbers rallied to their standard, and their praises were loud in the mouths of all the more worthless part of the community * * * The novelty (!!) soon wore off, and the majority of those who had taken up with the new superstition (!!) not from any principle (!) but because they wished for a change, joined the Protestant (!) community.” The notes of admiration are our own, which we have inserted in order to show how, even in mission-work, the dis-union of Christendom is made the devil's engine for hindering the

work of Christ. When we consider the utter incompetence of the natives to acquire the simplest idea of the fact of the Incarnation, still less to form a conception of the most holy groundwork of all Catholic truth, the doctrine of the Trinity, how evident does it become that the Bishop's words are mere vapourings for the sake of catching the sympathy of those who, happily for missionaries, retain the fanciful pictures of our charming black brothers as drawn by Mr. Pickwick's, Shepherd and Co.!

Should not any missionary, truly zealous in his work, on observing that a Christian teacher was able to attract by his style a large number of natives to the preaching of Christian truth, infer that his style was based on a wiser principle than his own? and the more worthless the part of the community thus attracted the better, one would think. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that, in all mission work, the system pursued by the Roman Catholics is infinitely more successful

than that of our own church,—even though we expend such enormous sums of money, and have all the advantage of position and government support. The only way of accounting for this is, that their system leaves no stone unturned by which to attract them; and their teachings and restrictions are within the scope of practicability, as founded on a knowledge of their simple nature. The mantle of old Samuel Marsden, that Elijah of missionary work, has been caught up, not by our church, to whom it was left, but by a few earnest, unmarried young men, sent out, with scarcely more than scrip or staff, by the Church of Rome, and unless our church seizes hold also of that mantle she will irretrievably be beaten from the ground.

It is impossible to lay too much stress upon the facts known to every traveller, and upon which the opinions here advocated are based. All travellers who view mission work from the outside, making a rough estimate of the proportion of the

work done with the expenses and size of the establishments, can be but of one opinion as to their complete inadequacy.

The principles on which, we are assured, from the pressure of public opinion, mission work will have to be conducted in future, may be gathered under two heads, viz. :—

Firstly—That a powerful discipline should be maintained among such natives as are baptised into the church ; that this discipline be on the widest possible basis, extending not only to their religious duties and general conduct, but to their particular mode of life, place of residence, and industrial pursuits ; and that the power of enforcing this discipline, either by a strict, religious rule, of his own appointing, or by a magisterial or other influence conferred on him, whether by the European or native authorities, be the first object of every missionary.

Secondly—That the ceremonies and appliances of external religion should be made to occupy

such a place in the savage mind that his attention should be fixed on deeds and on the objective sides of religion, rather than on thoughts, or feelings or motives.

THE END.

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